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MY FIRST SNAKE
BY MAX O'RELL
(With Illustrations by W.A. Rogers)

made in Hyde Park and strong enough to fell an ox with.

In my peregrinations through the bush of Australia this stick was always with me. It was a stout support and a weapon of defense in case of need. If ever a snake had confronted me I leave you to guess the reception he would have got. Talk about mince meat!

I have a perfect horror of snakes—those pests of central Australia—and so, as soon as I had arrived in the country, I made every inquiry as to the best methods of protecting one's self against the reptiles.

"Cover your legs with leather gaiters," I was told, "and then, with a good stick in your hand, you need have no fear."

Thereupon, I was enlightened as to the infallible manner of slaying the enemy:

"Avoid placing yourself behind or in front of your snake—behind especially—but take it side on, grip your stick hard and bring it down on its back with all your might: Bang!—there you are; you have broken its slippery spinal column, and your snake is soon as dead as a door nail."

Over and over again people said to me: "Surely you will not return to Europe without being able to say to your compatriots: 'I killed a serpent in Australia, and this is how it was done!'" Every Frenchman who has traveled in far countries is supposed to be more or less tinged with *tarfarsade*.

All that is very well; but I am a prudent man, and I said to myself: "Instead of a Frenchman telling his fellow-countrymen how to kill a snake, it might just as likely end in a snake telling its friends and family how to polish off a Frenchman."

However, when I was in the bush, wandering about armed with that new stout walking-stick, I went through the rôle that I might be called upon to enact at any moment, and I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there. Not one escaped. Just a tremendous whack, and the thing was done exactly as my friends had told me: "Bang!—there you are."



"I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there."

In the case of two enemies, the one who is first discovered by the other is half-beaten. And so the snake I feared especially was the one hidden in the grass or the dead wood with which the bush is strewn and which, being walked upon, has a way of entering an energetic protest in the form of a bite on your calf before you have time to know where you are.

But the snake that I dreaded most of all was the one which insinuates itself at evening into people's houses, glides into a bed-room and quietly curls up in the bed.

A snake will never attack you unless you tread on it, or put yourself in the path to its hole, and if ever you find one in your bed do not disturb it and it will not disturb you. This is the kind of thing I was told by every one who had had any sort of acquaintance with snakes; but in spite of all that, I remained convinced that if ever I, a full-grown man, found a snake in my bed I should scream like any schoolgirl.

I arrived one evening in a town situated



"I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head."

in the interior of New South Wales. The season was what the inhabitants of those parts called winter: 105 degrees of heat at midday and 90 at nine in the evening—regular snake weather. Not a leaf stirred; one could scarcely breathe in the leaden atmosphere. The little town was right in the bush. Behind the hotel where I had alighted ran a small river that furnished the establishment with mosquitoes of an energy and voracity beyond competition. The cookery in that hotel was atrocious.

Like poor dead Polonius, we, the guests, were at a feast, not where we ate, but where we were eaten. Before retiring to rest on the first night I had a chat with the landlord, who informed me that the district was infested with snakes. The close vicinity of the bush and of the river, added to the intense heat, naturally rendered the town a likely resort for snakes. That very afternoon my host had killed one measuring eight feet in one of his flower beds. "And," he said, "the plague of it is that the brutes are constantly getting into the house and hiding in the bedrooms."

For an hour we talked snakes. It was enough to fill my dreams with the most horrid, tortuous nightmares. When I left him for the night I was careful to bear in mind his last words: "I always recommend travelers to look well into the corners of their rooms and to close their windows before retiring."

You may imagine whether I

searched my room in every part, in the corners, under the furniture, under the bed, and in the bed. I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine the bed-coverings and the pillows.

No snakes anywhere. Quite reassured I closed the window, undressed, put out the light and got into bed.

The heat was stifling. Presently some mosquitoes began to buzz around my head, intoning the battle cry that heralds a combat without quarter. There were curtains, but with holes in them; worse than none. It is generally so in Australian hotels. The consequence is that when the beast is inside he can't get out. A duel à mort. You or he must die. That buzz of the mosquitoes is as irritating as the whizzing of bullets on the battlefield, but with this difference, however, that the ball which has just gone singing past you is gone forever, while the buzz of the mosquito announces to you that the battle is about to begin.

As a protection for my head, and at the risk of suffocation, I drew the sheet over my face, and then, bathed in perspiration, I tried to forget in sleep real mosquitoes and imaginary snakes.

A snake, just fancy!
A cold perspiration broke out all over me.
What was to be done?



"I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine."

Get up and fly? Yes, no doubt, but what if I woke it up and it nailed me to the door? To lie still and wait for daylight appeared to be the wisest thing to do after all. Yes, much the wisest. But, alas, it could scarcely be midnight yet, and never, never should I be able to endure that living nightmare for seven mortal hours.

The snake moved not a muscle, neither did I. What seemed strange to me was that this snake slept stretched out straight, instead of being curled up as his species generally are in repose. By means of an imperceptible movement of my knees I came to the conclusion that it must be about three feet long. This is the length of the terrible death adder. It made my poor brain reel to think that the horrid brute was there ready to give me my death when it should wake up.

Another plan suggested itself: roll the quilt very softly and, wrapping it over the creature, strangle it. Yes, yes, but the room was in dense darkness, and I should be running a great risk. It might wriggle deftly from my grasp and dart its poisoned fangs into my arm.

Haunted by visions of Lancelotti, father and family, dripping with perspiration, the darkness multiplied my sufferings and made the situation seem terrible.

Then I had a few calm moments—thanks to the idea that death caused by a snake bite is painless. You go to sleep and do not wake any more, that's all. I thought of Cleopatra. Heigho! far better die like that than of gout or rheumatism.

Stop a moment though! I had rather not die of that or of anything else to-night. To die a painless death is dying all the same, and I feel so grateful to be alive!

I was going crazy, and I felt that a light was the only thing that could bring back my wits. I would have no more suspense. I would strike a match and have the enemy face to face, or rather on the side, as people had all recommended.

The snake was there at my side, still immobile, soundly asleep, never dreaming that a man nearly six feet, strong, healthy, and in the prime of life, was trembling at the side of it.

I put out my right arm and reached the match-box that stood on a table by the bed, and after frantic precautions I succeeded in lighting the candle. The light appalled me at first. The snake would certainly wake up and the duel would begin.

The snake moved not.

I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head and steal a glance down the bed. There it was, sure enough, motionless still, and still as straight as a line. I took courage, and after ten minutes spent in imperceptible efforts, I arrived at the edge of the bed at last and stealthily vacated it. I was going to look for my trusty walking-stick, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. I looked on the mantelpiece, on the chest of drawers, in every corner of the room. Where on earth could that stick be?

I turned toward the bed again.

I took up the light, and feeling now once more in full possession of my faculties, drew near and looked at the snake.

Well, well! Is it possible for a man to be such a fool!

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN PURITAN DAYS

By Alice Morse Earle



WHEN young New Englanders in the early days of the Colony wished to enter the state of matrimony they did not find it any too easy work. In the first place, no young man could "make a motion of marriage" to any young woman whose two feet, or left fingers, or sweet disposition had attracted his fancy or his affection, without first obtaining the consent of the father or guardian to this address her. He was liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment if he spoke to her first and then "involved her affections." Many a for that natural offense in early days, and I doubt not many another shyly involved, unpunished and undiscovered, in order to find out, from her own lips, the state of affection borne toward him by the one he loved. It must have been somewhat of a damper on love-making to have to make such a formal beginning, but there was no lack of marriages. Indeed, single persons were much scorned in the Puritan community. "Ancient maids" were few and much to be pitied. Bachelors were looked upon with open disfavor, were not allowed to live alone, and sometimes had to pay a weekly fine to the town as long as they remained single. With all these penalties it was plain that all would seek to marry early in life.

IN the first days of the Colonies a marriage "contraction" or betrothal sometimes took place—so states Cotton Mather. This useless custom was abandoned after a few years of life in the New World, as it was not deemed productive of high moral results. In a new land, with rude manners of living, many rough courtships are recorded, and some rude methods of wooing, some of which have been for years a standing target against New England morality in Colonial days.

A more formal method of courtship is suggested by what is termed a "courtship stick." One is preserved in Long Meadow, Massachusetts. It is a slender, hollow tube eight feet in length, through which lovers, in the presence of an assembled family, could whisper tender nothings to each other. Judging from the pages of Judge Samuel Sewall's diary (which he kept during the closing years of the seventeenth and well into the eighteenth century), of the length of time elapsing between a proposal or agreement of marriage and its consummation, it is evident that short engagements were the prevailing mode, and that wedding arrangements were begun as soon as the engagement was announced.

The stock of linen, quilts and blankets had sometimes been spun, woven and sewed by the bride long before any lover appeared. She had often been collecting for years articles. Sometimes these preparations were begun in childhood—but other families had a superstition that work done so long beforehand would never be needed. Often quiltings were held to furnish the bride with abundant supply of warm quilts for New England winters. "Job's trouble," "rising sun," "dove in the window," "Irish chain," "star and swallow," and other elaborate designs were pieced and quilted. It was thought that the girl helper who set the last stitch would be the next one married. And if any one chanced to drop spoon, scissor, or thimble, she must pick it up without looking under the quilt, else she would never be married.

I find no indication of the use of betrothal rings, though Judith Sewall's lover sent her, after her acceptance of his offer, a "stone ring, with a fan and a noble letter." Neither were wedding rings in common use. They were deemed by the Puritans a Popish luxury—the "Devil's circle."

When a young man began a persistent course of Sunday-evening visiting to a young woman, he was supposed to "mean something," and he usually did. But generally the engagement of marriage was not made public till it was published or "cried" in meeting. It was everywhere the law throughout New England that "intentions of marriage," giving the names of both parties, should be posted by the town clerk in the meeting-house, on the door or in the entry, for "three successive Sundays or public days." Usually this publication directly preceded the marriage, yet it "held good" for a year. It must have been somewhat embarrassing to walk into meeting facing one's own "publishing" posted up in the town clerk's best "large hand," the "observed of all observers." But I think to be "cried in meeting" must have been worse. This custom of public vocal announcement by minister, deacon, or clerk obtained in Concord, Massachusetts, till 1837; indeed, intentions of marriage have been cried in the church on Mount Desert within a year.

THERE was one exception for some years to this universal law of publishing. The government of New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, as a means of increasing its income, issued marriage licenses at the price of two guineas each. Sometimes easy-going persons kept a stock of these licenses on hand, ready for issue, at a slightly advanced price, to eloping couples. Such a marriage, without proper public publishing in meeting, was not, however, deemed at all reputable. It was known as a "Flag marriage," from one Parson Flagg, whose house was a sort of Yankee Greenwich.

Wedding gloves were sent by the bride couple as gifts to friends, as were mourning gloves at funerals. Judge Sewall records many gifts of gloves from newly-married friends. I have seen old wedding gloves, gold-laced and fringed, with rich gauntlets—far from an inexpensive gift. I do not learn that it was customary to give presents to the bride, though Judge Sewall tells of his presentation of a psalm-book at a wedding, and at a later date a long shawl or "peel" and a pair of tongs was a universal bridal gift. Bride-cake was made in early days, and was always served with cheese at a wedding, and given to friends. A rich wedding feast was frequently given, and the bride was kissed by all present, especially at Quaker weddings, though I must state that in some parts of New England bride kissing was strongly discountenanced. So, also, was dancing at weddings, as "abuses and disorders" arose, especially at taverns, where weddings often took place, since the inn contained the only large room to be found in the town. This was specially in early days, when marriage was held to be merely a civil contract, and was performed by magistrates, or by any other man of dignity in the community, and not by a clergyman.

IN a community that opened every function—a training, bride-planning, christening, house-raising, or journeying, with prayer and psalm-singing, it was plain that at that most important of gatherings—a wedding—a religious ceremony would not long be withheld, and by the end of the seventeenth century the ministers solemnized weddings.

As a rule the wedding took place at the home of the bride. On the following day the bridal party were often entertained at the house of the parents of the groom or some near relative of his. This was called the "second-day wedding" in Maine.

A marriage in church was rare. Occasionally one took place in the new home of the young couple. This was held to be somewhat unlucky. Thanksgiving Day was a favorite time to choose to be married, as friends were then gathered from afar. The bride was universally advised to wear

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue."

and though she could dress before a mirror, she must not look in the glass when once her toilette was completed, else ill-luck in vaguely-defined, but positive form, were the result. Sunday was really the exhibition day for the bride; indeed, she found at meeting the sole place in which she could appear before an assembled public, and for this exhibition the happy pair donned their finest bridal attire. The bride and groom and bridal party opened the show by proudly walking in a little procession, through the narrow streets, to the meeting-house on the Sabbath following the marriage, observed of all their fellow townsmen and townswomen, and as they entered the church. On the Sabbath following the wedding the bride and groom, dressed in their richest garments, occupied a prominent seat in the gallery of the meeting-house, and in the middle of the sermon they rose and slowly turned around several times to display fully and unblushingly on every side their wedding finery. In Larned's "History of Windham County, Connecticut," we read a description of such an amusing scene in Brooklyn, Connecticut. Further public notice was drawn to the bride by allowing her to choose the text for the sermon preached on the first Sunday of the coming-out of the newly-married couple. Much ingenuity was exercised in finding appropriate and sometimes startling Bible texts for these wedding sermons. The instances are well known of the marriage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part"; while the daughter Abby, who married John Adams, decided upon the text, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil." Abby's curious choice has given rise to an incorrect notion that her marriage with John Adams was distasteful to her father and her family. Mr. Charles Francis Adams tells me that this supposition is entirely unfounded, and that old President Adams would fairly rise in his grave to denounce any such slander about him, should it become current.

A HALF SAVAGE custom prevailed in many New England towns. A group of these young men who had not been invited to the wedding would invade the house when the marriage ceremony had been performed, and drag away the bride to an inn or some other house, when the groom and his party would follow and rescue her by paying a forfeit of a dinner to the bride-stealers. In Western Massachusetts this custom lingered until Revolutionary times. In Judd's "History of Hadley" the names of stolen brides are given. Mrs. Job Marsh, married in 1783, is said to have been the last bride thus stolen. A very rough variation of this custom is reported to be still in vogue in some localities in Rhode Island. Madame Sarah Knights, in her journal of a horseback ride from Boston to New York in 1724, tells of a ridiculous alteration of this marriage custom which she saw in Connecticut—to steal the bridegroom.

Many other curious fashions prevailed in different localities. In some towns the young men rode or ran to the bride's home for a bottle of rum. In others the bees were told of the wedding and given bride-cake. In still others the unmarried girls scrambled for the bride's garter, to see who would be married next.

MY FIRST DINNER PARTY

By Mrs. VAN KOERT SCHUYLER

MR. BRUCE POMEROY is famous for his little dinners. She has the happy knack of bringing congenial people together, and apparently unconscious of responsibility she entertains her friends as though she were herself a guest.

Each time that George and I have accepted her hospitality I have grown more and more apprehensive of the moment when we, in our turn, could no longer defer the payment of our social debts, and must ask the Bruce Pomeroy to dinner!

Before coming to New York, eighteen months ago, as a bride, I had lived in a small town, where ours was the "leading family," and with Sewanscot as a background I had found favor with city-bred George Danvers, but among his New York friends my one fear was that he think me "provincial."

I was very kindly received by many charming people, dined and fêted, and enjoyed it all, until, with a sinking at the heart, I recognized the fact that not the shred of an excuse remained for deferring reciprocal attentions.

Our tiny "apartment," our inefficient waitress, even the new cook, could not be made a plea for our apparent lack of hospitality. George and I discussed the subject of guests and viands *ad nauseam*. Whenever anything was well cooked we rejoiced and took heart, and over every culinary failure we mourned as though all our friends had been present to share it.

I bought a book on the subject, and found such sorry consolation as: "It is a great intellectual feat to achieve a perfect little dinner with a small household and small means. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare and taste to direct. It cannot be done superficially, and if well done it takes time, experience and care."

I discarded the book for fear of getting discouraged, and for a week thought and dreamed of little beside "menus." I drilled Mary Ann, the waitress, until the very chairs seemed to assume the personality of our expected guests.

At length the invitations were sent. I had burned my bridges behind me!

I was divided between hope and fear until the answers came. All six guests accepted: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thorne—people of wealth and of boundless hospitality; Miss Chandler, a former admirer of George's, before whom I was particularly anxious to shine, and Mr. Frank Betts, a noted society man and a reputed wit.

On the morning of the fateful day I rushed to the window upon rising, to discover that it was raining. I felt personally responsible for the abominable conduct of the weather, since mine had been the selection of the day, and I wondered if my guests did not regret their acceptance.

When evening came I was busy until the last moment, putting the finishing touches to the table, rushing into the kitchen for last admonitions to the cook, and had only succeeded in finishing a hurried toilette when the clock struck seven, and I took my place in our little drawing-room to await our guests.

"You look as though dressed by a tornado, my dear," exclaimed George, who had coolly "pinked" at his ease. "I wish that it might be followed by an earthquake," I replied, "for if the floor would obligingly open I should go down with a sigh of blissful relief."

The door bell rang, the supreme moment had arrived, and my heart beat so that I could hear it. Several long seconds passed, but at length Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy entered the room, and I hastened to apologize for the weather, and was on the point of making excuses for having invited them at all when Mrs. Thorne nanctantly announced herself and husband.

"Good-evening, my dear," you know that I am so nervous about elevation that we walked up, and thinking that you were on the floor below we quite insisted upon being admitted at one of your neighbor's. I trust that we are not late.

Again I was about to apologize for living on the fifth floor, but checked myself, lest my apologetic attitude become habitual, and I then presented our friends to one another. We had been moved to their selection by no sense of their possible responsibility. Our reasons were simple and so-called.

Miss Chandler was the next arrival, looking cool, composed and graceful, and twenty minutes later Mr. Betts made his appearance, smilingly unconscious of having kept five hungry people waiting, and probably spoiling both the dinner and the temper of the cook.

By this time all my carefully-paired couples had become hopelessly mixed.

As I was about to detach George from Mrs. Chandler's side, and recall him to his obligations to Mrs. Pomeroy, the familiar sound of the dinner bell smote our ears!

I had forgotten to instruct Mary Ann to announce dinner in person, for, as George was often late in dressing, and the nursery held the strongest possible attraction for me, a bell had been our usual summons.

Upon entering the dining-room I had the satisfaction of knowing that the table was a picture, with its rose-sharped lights, its flowers, silver and dainty china. All my fears were allayed for the time, as we took our seats and were served with the oysters.

My comfort was short-lived, however. Mary Ann lost her presence of mind. She put the plates down before each one as she did for Fido, and with as little ceremony. She felt bound by no conventionality requiring her to pass things at the left of the person served, and I chattered wildly to distract the attention of the company.

All of a sudden there proceeded from the kitchen a sound, as if something overturned, followed by a strong odor of burnt soup. Mary Ann went to investigate, and returning, announced, with a smile, to the entire company that the cook had upset the soup by an accident and was "burnt dreadful."

Common humanity required that I should go to her, but, to my relief, I found that, like most bearers of bad news, Mary Ann had magnified the misfortune of the cook, but my guests went sleepless.

The fish was half cold, but with the fillet the climax of my discomfort was reached.

As Mary Ann was serving Mrs. Pomeroy she lurched toward her with the heavy dish, sending a little stream of gravy over the cloth at her side.

George rose to his feet and ordered the girl from the room, whereupon he explained that she was evidently intoxicated—that he had noticed her certain movements ever since we entered the room.

He suggested that I should go for a moment, and ask her to come to our assistance, as the baby was sleeping quietly.

Iane returned with me, dazed and half asleep, after sitting in a darkened room with the child for an hour or more, but she did her best until we had finished the fillet, when a roar from the nursery announced that Baby George had discovered that he had been imposed upon and resented it. Iane fled impatiently to her darling, and George, laughing nervously, suggested that I should "get the cook to come and help us through." I found that person sitting in the kitchen rocker, which I had charitably provided for her leisure moments, violently yawning to and fro.

She greeted me with a senile smile, and I found that she, too, must be suffering from the same trouble as Mary Ann, and I was afraid to speak to her. Returning to the dining-room, my explanation was received with shouts of laughter.

Certainly my dinner party could not be accused of stiffness. In desperation I rushed to the nursery, and seizing George, Jr., in my arms, told him to follow. The vision of the rosy cherub in his nightdress was a novel attraction at a dinner party, and he behaved like a six-months-old angel.

Iane served the remainder of the meal as though it had been a nursery dinner. I think it would have set her quite at her ease had we allowed her to cut up our food and tie our napkins about our necks, but things had reached a point where only the ludicrous side of the subject was uppermost, and never was there a merrier party.

Our guests withdrew early, but all said the kindest things possible. The women kissed me good-by as though we had been friends for years, and the men wring George's hand and mine, declaring that they had not had such a laugh for years, and, but for my discomfort, had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The next day I was confined to my room by an attack of neuralgia, and George undertook the pleasant duty of dismissing our hand maids, who explained that:

"The mistress had them that rattled with all her explanations and directions and fustifications that they took a wee drop just to stiffen their courage like."

The career of a society woman has no charms for me. I am satisfied to live for George and the baby.



A WHISTLING GIRL

BY JULIA BOND VALENTINE

(With Illustrations by Irving R. Wiles)

It was a pity the Tarleton girls were all so near of an age," everybody said, "four of them counting Dolly," though, to be sure, nobody ever did count Dolly. The other three were all "out" and, of course, were asked everywhere together, while Dolly, who was only just out of short frocks, spent most of her time in the country where nobody saw her.

"She should by right be 'out,' too," sighed her mother in confidence to her especial friend, Mrs. Gardiner. "It is Virginia's fourth winter, and not one of the girls really provided for." And Mrs. Gardiner acknowledged that it was the part of wisdom to keep Dolly back as long as possible.

"It is lucky the child herself does not care," said Dolly's mother. "She doesn't want any things that other girls are wild about. She seems as well contented in the country at her grandfather's, driving or walking, and running wild generally. She's the only one of my children," went on Mrs. Tarleton, "who is really fond of books, but the others are all pretty—nobody can deny that." And Mrs. Gardiner made no attempt to deny it.

"Dolly is a clever little soul," she said.

"Yes," sighed Dolly's mother. "It's astonishing how fond she is of books, but it's always so; there's generally some compensation for lack of beauty—but I do wish that she could have taken after my family instead of the Tarletons."

As Mrs. Gardiner drove home she thought "what a pity that affair of Virginia Tarleton's ended so badly, as it couldn't help spoiling the others' prospects."

For Virginia had become engaged during a visit at Newport to a most eligible foreigner it was thought, but after the congratulations had been showered upon her mother, the bridesmaids asked, and the wedding gown all but chosen, it turned out that Virginia's foreigner was not eligible at all. Some people said he had jilted Virginia when he found she had no fortune, others, that Virginia was a flirt and had jilted him, and still others, that he had a wife on the other side. All this was, of course, very bad for Louise and Marian, to say nothing of Dolly.

As for Dolly, she continued to take life easy, wore the made-over frocks, the shabby hats, the cleaned gloves of all the others, which she inherited, as she cheerfully remarked, "by right divine, for in the Tarleton family, as in the Royal one of England, there is no fallow law." She was profoundly interested in her sisters' social triumphs, and always begged to be "waked up" when they came home from balls and parties. She arranged their hair, sewed on their glove buttons, teased them, laughed at them, and admired them tremendously.

In return they allowed her to run their errands, were not above quoting her clever speeches as original, kept the fact of her youth well uppermost, spoiled her a little, but pitted her more.

Dolly was not as pretty as Virginia, but what could any one tell of the possibilities of a girl who was never well-dressed, whose hair was worn in short curls, and whose fingers were frequently inked from writing German exercises? She had not a voice like Louise—Louise's voice was her stock in trade, so to speak—neither had she Marian's figure; in fact I do not know that Dolly had any particular accomplishment except a rather singular one that "didn't count." She could whistle! Not an ordinary girlish treble with more shrillness than sweetness but a truly remarkable whistle!

When she sat down to the piano and pursed up her lips straightway one heard the loveliest flute-like notes, deep, sweet, soaring up into the treble, trilling like a bird, now dying away to an almost imperceptible sound; then rising, falling, with

such wonderful facility, that one wondered what could be the same music which came from the lips of the little head-black at the remotest connection of the whistle of the small boy.

This story, perhaps, would never have been written, had it not been for Louise Tarleton's sore throat at Mrs. Gardiner's musicale, for so do widely differing events combine to produce a definite result.

"I never was more utterly in despair," said Mrs. Gardiner, peering at the door of the Tarletons' little drawing-room. Dolly took her fingers out of her tumbled curls, and looked up from her book.

"Dear Mrs. Gardiner," she said, "what is it?"

"What isn't it, you had better say, child," responded the lady, vexation written all over her face. "Here am I in the greatest pickle, and nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done."

Dolly gave a little ejaculation of surprise, leaning against the door with her hands locked behind her head.

"I thought you never came to the end of your resources, Mrs. Gardiner," she said.

"Where did you get that idea, Dolly? I assure you I am not infallible by any means. Just now, however, I should like to shake that sister of yours."

"Poor Louise!" said Dolly. "She's having a bad enough time as it is with her sore throat, Mrs. Gardiner."

"I know; of course I'm dreadfully sorry for her, and all that. I've just been to see her; the doctor says she has quinsy; and she was to sing at my musicale to-morrow, and be the success of the evening—and there she lies—poor, dear child! And on top of all this comes a note from Herr Wolkauft, my violinist, to say that he can only give me one selection, for he is obliged by his management to leave for New York on an early train!" Mrs. Gardiner ceased from sheer inability to find an expression adequate to the occasion. Dolly was all sympathy in a moment.

"I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry! Can nothing be done? Can't you put it off?"

"No, that's the worst of it; the invitations are all out long ago; the special people I want to entertain are in town, and if Wolkauft can only give me one selection it's better than nothing. I was especially anxious for the girls, for Louise, to meet him—my nephew I mean—Dolly, he's a shamefully rich young man, my dear. Not that you would take that into consideration, you silly child, but he is just what we could have wished for Louise; he is so fond of music too. I declare it's abominable, and I wanted something entirely unique this time," went on Mrs. Gardiner. "All musicales are alike nowadays, and this of mine was to have been different. Mandolins and zithers we've all met, but Wolkauft's violin and Louise's voice you can't hear every day! And now, not a thing to fill the blank. If only some brand new accomplishment could be devised!"

Dolly was silent, her curly head bent, apparently lost in a dream, when Mrs. Gardiner, sighing out, "Well, such is life, I must go, Dolly," made her look up, the color rushing into her face.

"Mrs. Gardiner," she said shyly, locking her hands together, a way she had when confused, "I wish—I wonder how you would like—" and then she broke down.

"Well, child, what is it?" Mrs. Gardiner was always good to Dolly, and the girl took heart of grace.

"Of course, as to the young man, I couldn't be any good," she began hurriedly, "and I'm awfully sorry he can't see Louise, but—but—if you really would like something different—why, you know I can whistle!"

Mrs. Gardiner looked down at the eager, flushing face, and for the first time thought Dolly Tarleton pretty, but laughed at the exclamation.

"Whistle, Dolly? What in the world do you mean, my dear?"

"I know it sounds silly, Mrs. Gardiner," blushed Dolly, "but really it isn't so bad—at least some people like it, and you said you wanted something different. It is different certainly."

"It must be," laughed Mrs. Gardiner. "I don't think I ever heard a girl whistle. Isn't there some proverb about a whistling girl and a crowing hen?"

"Oh, don't!" Mrs. Gardiner, dear," pleaded Dolly. "I've had that quoted at a so often. It may be queer but it's all I can do, and I would like to help you if I could."

"You're a dear little soul. How do you do it, Dolly?"

"Wait a minute; I'll show you," and Dolly sat down to the piano. She was too unaffected and unconscious to be nervous, so she did her best while Mrs. Gardiner leaned back listening. Dolly had chosen an exquisitely pathetic air from "Faust," which lent itself particularly well to being whistled, and as the last note died away Mrs. Gardiner cried delightedly: "Bravo, Dolly! I never imagined anything could be so pretty. I didn't know whistling was like that, and you don't look badly when you do it either."

"Don't I, really?" said Dolly with shining eyes. "Do you like it, Mrs. Gardiner? Do you think it will do?"

"The very thing, I should say. I declare, Dolly, you will turn out accomplished yet."

Dolly laughed. "Dick Tarleton always calls me 'Miss Cinderella.'"

"Well, I'll be your fairy godmother," said Mrs. Gardiner heartily. "You shall come to my musicale to-morrow, and if you do as well as you did just now I prophesy a success."

"You know you need not introduce me to people," said Dolly earnestly. "I can stand behind one of the big screens and they won't even know who it's coming from."

"Like Cinderella herself, you should child. No, that's all nonsense, Dolly—but have you a gown?"

Dolly's face fell. "I'm afraid not," she said. "Oh! wait a minute—up at grandfather's the other day I was trying on some old-fashioned gowns—and there was one such a dear—a little, pale yellow satin, with short waist and puffed sleeves. It belonged to grandmother, and is very much like the things *démodés* wear now—do you think it would do?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gardiner, much amused. "It won't be quite original, like your whistling, Dolly. Well, I leave that to you—you must find a gown somewhere."

"But mother and the girls," suggested Dolly. "Do you believe they will let me?"

"Nonsense! tell them I said you must."



"A slip of a girl, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown, stood beside the piano and began to whistle"

come," said Mrs. Gardiner hurried away, and as her carriage wheeled off, her last words were, "Remember, Dolly, you are not to fail me!"

CHAPTER II

DICK TARLETON, sitting up the Gardiners' staircase this night of the musicale, met his three cousins. "My eyes!" he exclaimed. He had absolutely failed to recognize the fourth Miss Tarleton in her waistcoat and hat.

"You don't mean to say it's you, Dolly," he cried, as she smiled up at him sanely.

"Yes, the very same, Dick, didn't you really know me?"

"Not a bit! Upon my word, Dolly, we must come out some day. What's been in the home—your know. Where did you get this?" "It's satin or something. Why, Cinderella, how did they happen to let you out? Did the pumpkin come for you?" "Hush! Wait a minute—I'll tell you all about it," said Dolly. But her sisters hurried her away. Mrs. Gardiner, off duty for the moment, met them in the hall, gave them a hasty greeting, and sending Virginia and Marian into the room, claimed Dolly as a performer. In reality she wished to review the child with her keen eyes, for it was to do at all, Mrs. Gardiner wanted her to make a sensation.

"Well, Dolly, I don't know what you've done to yourself, but you certainly do look pretty," she said in her brusque way. "Oh, Mrs. Gardiner," said Dolly, as she was half led, half pushed to a long mirror, where the Dolly therein reflected cheeks had a revelation even to herself. Her brown by excitement; her curled curls lay soft and cloudily upon her forehead; her eyes were dancing; full of life and appreciation. Her neck and arms were set off by the pale gleaming satin and old lace, and the strings of amber beads about her throat. She had a great fan that she fanned and unfurled when she did not know what else to do, and her frock and her fan and her feelings generally had made another girl of her.

"Dick, you will take your cousin in," said Mrs. Gardiner. And Dolly entered this room on the arm of her tall cousin. The pair made quite a stir and everybody inquired.

"Who is that fascinating little girl with Dick Tarleton?"

Mrs. Gardiner did not introduce her except to one or two fellow-performers in the music-room, so Dolly got behind one of the big screens and took in her surroundings with delighted eyes.

"What rugs and jugs and candle lights," she said to herself, quoting a well-beloved nursery rhyme.

She heard a quiet, amused laugh, and turned quickly to find a man at her elbow. She had never seen his face before and she rather liked it—a somewhat lazy, dark face with eyes which had a slightly sleepy look, which belied them—for Alec Forbes, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "could see quite as far through a millstone" as his fellow-men. He had a good mouth, not hidden by a short mustache, so that his smile helped his face wonderfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for listening to your soliloquy, but you ought not to quote other people's favorite authors if you don't want to be heard."

Dolly laughed. He was so quietly at ease that he put her there at once. "Favorite authors have a trick of being other people's," she said. "An odd, satisfied expression stole over the man's face, as if he had said, 'Thank you, I expected you to say something like that,' and it was quite true. Alec Forbes, leaning idly against the piano a moment before, looked up as Dolly came in, and walked straight over to her, drawn by the piquant, clever face as by a magnet.

Her words, as she peeped through the screen, amused him, and accustomed to do as he pleased, he spoke to her. He did not think she would mind, and if she looked shocked he would tell her his aunt had included him in the introduction a few moments before.

"That is true," he replied. "It's a pity one cannot put 'all rights reserved' on one's specialties."

"Would you rather I didn't quote Edmund Lear?" asked Dolly politely.

"On the contrary, I regard it as evidence of superiority on your part."

"Really, I'm so glad. I don't think I ever gave any evidences of superiority before."

"Perhaps people haven't been frank enough to tell you so," suggested the other.

"People are not very frank in society, I believe," said Dolly.

"I am to infer from that, you've had a great deal of experience."

"I?" Dolly was so amused at this idea that she laughed outright.

"I don't know the first thing about it," she said.

"Then you speak purely from hearsay?" went in Dolly's friend, with his dark eyes full of quiet amusement fixed on her face.

"Altogether," said Dolly. "I've never been in society in my life."

"No! Then might I make so bold as to

inquire how you happen to be here to-night?"

"No," said Dolly, after a moment's thought. "I don't think you may."

"Not even guess?"

"It is not a conundrum," laughed Dolly. "I think it is and that you are the answer."

"Well, I am the answer—in a way; you aren't so very far wrong after all."

"I can easily find the answer by resorting to unscrupulous means."

"How?" inquired Dolly.

"Looking at the programme," he returned quickly.

"Why do you think you will find me there?"

"Because I think you play or sing, or do something."

"Why?"

"I never knew any one ask so many questions," he said in a quiet voice, apparently to no one in particular.

"I never knew any one give so few answers," returned Dolly. "I don't play or sing either."

"Nor do anything?" he continued.

"Well, yes."

"Are you going to do it this evening?"

"Yes—lunch! They're going to begin."

Dolly was whisked away from her companion, who was not at all pleased by this sudden desertion. He looked down at the programme, a trifle of white and gold, and scanned the list of names anxiously. He saw "Miss Tarleton" recurring often, a familiar name to him, owing to its constant mention of the family. "Little what?" he muttered. "A girl with a face like hers must do something. To be sure, she can talk, an accomplishment when it's done after her fashion." But his soliloquy was interrupted by a sound that was not a voice, nor a violin, nor a flute, that was—"By jove! I can't but it isn't a whistle!"

To say that everybody was surprised when a slip of a girl in a quaint, old-fashioned gown which made her look like one of Abbey's drawings, stood beside the piano and began, without any preliminary warning, to whistle, is to speak mildly.

She looked so unconscious, as if she had forgotten all about her audience, that the audience itself was half piqued. There was a huzz of applause as the last note died away, and Alec Forbes watched people crowding about the girl, asking one another who she was, or begging for an introduction. He was not a man who cared to share his individual tastes with the multitude, so he only stood looking on, while Dolly talked pretty, broken German to Herr Wolkauft—who beamed benevolently upon her through his glittering eye-glasses—or looked up with frank, clear eyes to reply to some newly-presented admirer.

"They will turn her head," he said.

"People are such fools," and he was already planning how he could carry her off to some pleasant corner, where he could make her talk to him as she did a few moments since, without the interference of the multitude, when his aunt approached.

"Now, Alec," she said, "this is not what I intend you to do at all. No glowering in corners; if you please, sir. I know your tricks of old, and if you have your eye on any especial person, you may as well resign her to her fate, for I intend you to meet every one of the thirty individuals here."

"Oh!" was the stifled exclamation which Mrs. Gardiner fancied she heard. But she was inexorable, and Alec Forbes was obliged to content himself by putting out his hand in congratulation as he passed Dolly, saying in a low voice, "You see, I was right; you did do something after all."

Each of us has some day his own brief hour of glory. Cinderella went to the ball at last, and one winter night, in the eighteenth year of her age, Dolly Tarleton was a belle.

That it was a short lived triumph only made the memory sweeter. What booted it that Marian and Virginia told her, "It made a girl ridiculous to talk continually to one man; that, of course, she did whistle very well, but it wouldn't do to get a reputation for that sort of thing? Men didn't really like a girl to be unfeminine. It had been awfully good of Mrs. Gardiner to ask her to take part in the musicale, but, of course, it was only a whim, and the less she thought of it the better."

People were beginning to ask the girls for that sister of theirs, and when questioned innocently as to whether they meant Louise, Virginia or Marian, the reply was so frequently, "No; the little one who whistled so beautifully at Mrs. Gardiner's," that, as it would not do at all for Dolly to appear in public yet, she was sent off to her grandfather's.

But still Dolly couldn't help seeing, as she closed her eyes at night, the vision of a softly-lighted room, with brilliantly-dressed people talking in a modulated confusion, and among them there always appeared a tall, dark man with the kindest smile in the world.

CHAPTER III

FROM her winter retreat in the country Dolly heard echoes of the gay world in her sisters' letters, and the ever-recurring name of Alec Forbes. They seemed to see a great deal of him, which was but natural, as he was the nephew of their best

friend, although it does not happen that nephews are always so amiable to their aunts' wishes.

In this instance, however, there was a happy combination of circumstances, and it was soon taken for granted that Alec Forbes was the property of the Tarleton girls, only not as yet decided whether he belonged especially to Louise, Virginia or Marian.

"He is such a thoroughly first-rate fellow," said his aunt confidentially to Mrs. low. "People have called him a flirt, but I don't think it myself. He is rich, good looking, and he has been run after, but he hasn't really been spoiled, and he has the kindest heart in the world."

Mrs. Tarleton sighed and glanced at two people strolling slowly through the square overlooked by the house. They were Alec Forbes and Virginia.

The girl was all animation and sparkle, her dark furs setting off her rich color. She looked the beauty of her rich color. She looked the beauty of her rich color. She looked the beauty of her rich color.

Mrs. Tarleton would rather have seen her eyes pensive, downcast and demure, for the tall, lazy looking fellow, with his hands behind him, certainly could not be telling a love tale to such a vivacious audience.

Indeed, Virginia was planning an expedition into the country for some sleighing.

The snow was delightful now, packed and frozen hard, and a party to the Tarleton country house to stay a few days would be such a task—

"I don't think so," Mr. Forbes thought so. "Alec Forbes did think so, agreeing with more alacrity than was usual, and when he left Virginia at her door, declining her invitation to 'come in for a cup of tea,' he asked her curiously:

"By the way, Miss Tarleton, where is your sister now—your youngest sister?"

"Who? Dolly? Oh! she is in the country with grandfather," laughed Virginia.

"Dolly is a perfect child wedded to outdoor life. I dare say she's coasting in rubber boots and red mittens this very minute."

Alec Forbes' short mustache scarcely hid his smile as he turned away.

"Decidedly," he said to himself, "decidedly, Dolly has been sent to Siberia."

The evening that Alec Forbes had spent in Dolly's company at the musicale was by no means the only time he had seen her. Mrs. Gardiner lost no time in taking him to call upon Louise, and he had looked in vain for the fourth Miss Tarleton. Then he had boldly asked for her, and was told that she was out walking.

He discovered that she always went for a walk on certain afternoons in the week. So Dolly was much surprised at being joined in the square, in company with her beautiful greyhound, by Alec Forbes, who said in the most natural way in the world:

"Why are you never on view in the afternoons when I come to see you?"

"I didn't know that you came to see me," said Dolly surprised, but not displeased. "Don't you know that I do not receive?"

"I can't understand how, having once had the proclamation of emancipation read over you, you can go back to servitude."

"Servitude!" she exclaimed; "it's really freedom. Don't you think it's servitude to have to pay visits, to go to teas, to dress for dinner, to bore yourself in a hundred ways, because it's 'society'?"

He looked down at the piquant face beside him with secret satisfaction. He delighted to make Dolly flash out like this.

"Calling the same pastime," he said, "I had a wild idea those were the things young women's souls hankered after."

"Why do you take young women in the lump that way?" she said resentfully.

"Do you think we are all alike?"

"I think there are certain resemblances, but every now and then one meets a startling anomaly."

"A freak of Nature," suggested Dolly, smiling up at him.

"Yes, or return to the original type, the primeval woman."

"An example of atavism," replied Miss Dolly carelessly.

He looked suddenly startled. "Gracious!" he exclaimed. "Much learning, Miss Dolly."

"Would you rather I talked in words of one syllable?" asked Dolly.

"No indeed, no! I beg your pardon, only you are rather unexpected, you know."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dolly severely. "I should hate to be just like everybody else."

"You need not be afraid," he said, tossing a pebble for "Max" to run after. They had reached the park.

"I don't want to be eccentric either," she protested with charming inconsequence.

"I don't care to have people say, 'That queer Dolly Tarleton.'"

Alec Forbes laughed, but his mirth had a ring of tenderness. "Let me catch anybody saying it," he growled, his eyes absolutely wrathful, where Dolly looked appeased.

It was rather strange that Dolly should not have mentioned this walk to her sisters. When he came again, however, to find over which she accepted his proffered help, they did know it, and it was not long after this that Dolly's exile began.

Mrs. Tarleton had consented to her daughters' giving a house party, and so a gay party of men and maidens divided her father's old mansion, driving from town in a great four-horse sleigh, whose bells and the voices of whose occupants were heard by an eager listener in an upper window long before their actual arrival.

They literally fell feet on the old staircase, men's voices in the merry party came in from a long day's sleighing or skating, transformed the quiet old home.

But for the most part in all these festivities Dolly "didn't count." They begged her to whistle, however, and she did so to every one's delight. But Dolly was a shy plant that only blooms in a congenial atmosphere, and there, where she was strictly "kept in her proper place," Alec Forbes, seeing her but the sister of "the Tarletons' little sister," could scarcely believe her the same girl. Once or twice he tried to approach Dolly, but she rather eluded him, and the old frank manner that existed between them seemed suddenly and unaccountably to have disappeared.

But at last came a day when the party broke up, and drove over to the station. The train was late, and as it was heard to whistle after Alec Forbes, who had been rather silent on the way over, turned to Virginia, saying:

"Miss Tarleton, I find I have left something at the house, so if you do not mind I will go back and try to find it. I can take the next train if I miss this one."

Louise and Virginia did not at all approve of this, nor did the rest of the party, and suggested telegraphing and various other expedients, but Alec eventually got his own way.

"Alec Forbes is terribly spoiled," said Marian; "even Mrs. Gardiner must acknowledge that. When he has made up his mind it's quite hopeless trying to change him."

"Well, I rather like it," returned Virginia. "I like a man who knows his mind and will have his own way."

Dolly had waited till the guests had all gone, leaving the halls deserted; then she stole down-stairs, and calling her dog, curled up in a deep chair by the fire, and with her hands idle in her lap, gazed into the flames. Somehow, before very long, the fire grew misty and blurred, and there were tears on the interlaced fingers she put up to screen her eyes.

Alec Forbes, tramping through the snow, his head bent against the wind, passed on his way from the gates, the window of the room where Dolly sat, and looking in and seeing a slight figure in an attitude of utter abandon, curls buried in the pillows of the big chair, hands locked before her eyes—his heart gave a great leap of happiness.

He stood irresolute one moment, then opened the hall door very gently and entered. The sound in the dim room of Dolly's sobbing made a curious lightening come into his throat. She did not guess that her trouble had a spectator until she felt an arm about her, and heard a voice that trembled from tenderness saying in her ear:

"Dolly! my darling! my dear little girl! won't you let me comfort you?"

It was a hard struggle for Dolly Tarleton to yield, but some minutes afterward, when she was standing in the window, with Alec Forbes' arm about her, her pretty brown curls against his shoulder, the greyhound won the day by coming up to her and putting both paws upon her dress.

"Look, Dolly, won't you look up, dearest?" whispered a voice in her ear.

"Even 'Max' is pleading for me; you can't resist him, can you?"

And Dolly, who was the shyest of sweethearts, took heart of grace to look up through her tears and say:

"Max, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You didn't come just because you thought you had to love me—you did not ask me because—because I was such a goose just now?" she asked eagerly.

He laughed softly. "You darling," he said; "yes, I really had to love you because you were such a goose; you don't mind, do you? Why, Dolly, what must I say to satisfy your pride? I don't care in the least how abject I am, now that I have you. Shall I kneel down here, in token of servitude, or anything like that?" he asked, his eyes gleaming as he tried to see her face.

"No!" cried Dolly. "I think you would look perfectly horrid kneeling."

"Bravo! so do I. This is ever so much better."

"That's the last train whistling now," remarked Dolly indolently.

"You're not going to send me away again, are you?"

"I didn't know," faltered Dolly, with the suspicion of a laugh in her eyes, "whether you ought not to go back—whether the other girls might not want you."

"My dearest Dolly," he began with the utmost gravity, "if any other girls in the world want me now—"

But Dolly, with a return of her old spirit, interrupted him.

"They can't whistle for you any way," she said.

THE AUTHOR OF "GALLEGHIER"

By EDWARD W. DICK

On April 18th last Richard Harding Davis was thirty years of age—a significant fact when his wide repute as a writer is considered. But he was born in a literary atmosphere. A son could scarcely be the son of Rebecca Harding Davis and of L. Charles Davis without inheriting some of the literary genius of either parent. And Richard Harding Davis has, just as his father, Charles Belmont Davis, has. An only sister, Nora, completes this remarkably interesting family.

Philadelphia is Richard Harding Davis' birthplace. His education began at the age of nine at the Episcopal Academy in that city. In 1884 he became a student at Lehigh University. There he became an enthusiastic foot-ball player, and there, too, did his first writing as editor of the college paper. He wrote a dozen stories for the paper, and afterward collected them, put them into a book and paid ninety dollars to get the book published. It had a limited sale—very limited. From Lehigh he went to Johns Hopkins University for a year, and there he wrote, reckoned pro-

FOUR FAMOUS YOUNG AUTHORS

Who Have Achieved Fame Before or in Their Thirtieth Year

RUDYARD KIPLING

By ALICE SPARK MCCOLLIN

STRONG personal affections, even stronger love and habits of domesticity, an unquestioned genius for narrative, literary abilities of the first order, and a style which is as incisive as it is individual, should make any man worth the knowing. Such a one is Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India, on December 30, 1865. Through his mother he can trace his connection with three nationalities, the English, Irish and Scottish, while his father, John Lockwood Kipling, although an Englishman by birth, is of Dutch descent. Mr. Kipling, Senior, went to India many years ago, where he became the head of the Mayo School of Art at Lahore, and where he remained until a year or two ago, when he returned to England.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

By WILLIAM MCKENROE

AMONG the leading humorists of America Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has enjoyed an enviable distinction for many years. He was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1862. His father was Francis N. Bangs, one of the most prominent lawyers the bar of New York has known, and his grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, a minister of renown of the Methodist denomination, the historian of his church and the first editor of its publications. Mr. Bangs has inherited a leaning toward literature, a keen but kindly insight into human nature, and very unusual energy and power of application.

A few years ago, when about to deliver a lecture in the city of his residence upon "The Evolution of the Humorist," Mr. Bangs said in introducing himself, in default of a presiding officer: "I was born

"THE ENGLISH MARK TWAIN"

By FREDERICK DOUGLAS

EROME KWATA JEROME has in his time played many parts. He has been a railway clerk, an actor, a newspaper reporter, a school teacher, a short-hand writer and a solicitor's clerk. Surprising as some of these changes of occupation must have been to his friends, probably more surprised those who knew him best to such as his latest change of all from the ease of literature to the bustle of journalism.

During that period of Mr. Jerome's life when he was "everything by turn and nothing long" it is to be feared that he was not always able to consult his own choice. For when but a lad Mr. Jerome's father, a colliery proprietor, was ruined by the flooding of a mine, and the boy became dependent on himself. For several years he had a hard struggle to find even the means of subsistence. In each new vocation there was only fresh disappointment, the cause and the consolation probably being alike attributable to Mr. Jerome's deep interest in subjects far removed from the prosaic task of "making a living." He took his poverty as philosophically as he has since



fessionally, his first story, "Richard Carr's Baby," a tale with foot-ball tendencies. It appeared in "St. Nicholas."

In 1887 the young student returned to Philadelphia and became a reporter, taking assignments from several newspapers and earning the princely salary of seven dollars a week. Then he started a dramatic paper called "The Stage." When the Johnstown flood occurred Davis went to the scene and reported it. Soon after his return he went to England with the All-Philadelphia Cricket Team, and upon his return remained in New York, connecting himself with the "Evening Sun." In one day he became famous. Mistaken by a huncamont for an Englishman, an impression which a very English-made suit of clothes, a bundle of sticks and umbrella, and a hatbox covered with labels helped to color, he held the man in full daylight on Broadway, shouted lustily for help, had the man arrested, wrote the account of it for his paper, and from that day the name of Richard Harding Davis has been familiar to every New Yorker. Then he wrote his famous "Van Hibber" tales. Next came "Galleghier," a success from the moment it appeared in "Scrimer's Magazine," although it had been refused by three editors. Now it has sold sixty thousand copies in book form. Then followed in quick succession "The Other Woman," "An Unfinished Story," "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan," and the other short stories that have made his name so familiar to thousands.

In 1890 Mr. Davis became editor of "Harper's Weekly." This position he held for a year, and then traveled in the West, with "The West Through a Car Window" as the result. Then he went to London and described life there, returning only to pack his valise and start for Egypt and write of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean." With this his thirst for travel was satisfied, and he resumed his direct connection with "Harper's Weekly," of which he is now associate editor.

Mr. Davis' portrait here given is an excellent likeness. He is well, almost magnificently built, standing six feet high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and with a physical strength that many envy. He has a frank, boyish manner about him, and is conscious of his success, as is only natural and quite pardonable, but he is not so in any obtrusive way. His manner of talking is quick, his laugh is of the heartiest, and he is an ideal companion. Popular in society he is sought by every one, and honored generally. But with all his success he is conscious only of a desire to give to the reading public a book or a story that will be superior to the last.

When but five years of age, following the necessary custom of English residents of India, his parents sent Rudyard to England, where he was educated. It is claimed that the pathetic experience of "Black Sheep in Mr. Kipling's story of "Baa Baa Black Sheep" is a brief but unfortunate portion of autobiography. The lad was educated at the United Services College, at Westward, Ho, North Devon, where he received from his schoolmates the charming sobriquet of "Giglampe," owing to the fact that he wore spectacles. At college he was a leading member of the literary and debating society, and associate editor of the school newspaper. About this time, too, he earned his first pen money, for a sonnet which he wrote for the London "World." At the age of sixteen he returned to India, where he entered upon a journalistic career, with more of literature about it than belongs to most of his kind. In 1889 he came to America, where he hobnobbed with newspaper men in most of the prominent cities, studied the many different phases of life, and in the fall went back to London, taking with him, it is claimed, the very manuscripts which afterward made his fame and which had been rejected by American publishers. The publication of these stories, followed by their favorable review in the London "Times," and a full description of their author, his place, hours and habits of work, in Edmund Yates' "Celebrities at Home" in the London "World," gave Mr. Kipling the introduction he needed to English people, and in the intervening five years his fame has spread wherever his books have traveled.

On January 18, 1892, Mr. Kipling was married at All Soul's Church in London to Caroline Starr Balestier, a sister of C. W. C. Balestier, the young American novelist who died abroad in 1892, and with whom Mr. Kipling wrote in collaboration. Mrs. Kipling is small and slender with dark brown eyes and hair. She was educated in Rochester, New York, where she was born. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have one child, a daughter, born in December, 1892. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have made their home in Brattleboro, Vermont, where they have built a charming country house, which, from its mountainous situation, has been named "Crow's Nest."

In appearance Mr. Kipling is short, squarely built, broad shouldered, with black hair and mustache. His eyes are the Irish gray blue and are shielded always by either spectacles or glasses. He is fond of fishing and of horses, but is little or nothing of an athlete. His Vermont neighbors give him a cordial liking, which is grateful to both the man and the author.

in and have resided in Yonkers for a number of years; have braved the perils of life in this community, and have endured, without a murmur, the privations common to all of us." These words, if otherwise unimportant, indicate the uneventful course of his private life.

While an undergraduate of Columbia College Mr. Bangs was a contributor to the "Acta Columbiana," and one of its editors.

Upon leaving college he entered the office of his father, but after a year or two, feeling himself irresistibly drawn toward a literary life, he gave up the study of law. He then became associate editor of "Life," where, in addition to his editorial work, he contributed the "By the Way" page and an almost incredible quantity of original matter.

In 1887, while he was still connected with "Life," Roger Camorden, a Strange Story," his first work to appear in book form, was published. It was a striking story of hallucination, and was reasonably popular and successful. In the same year, in collaboration with his classmate and friend, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, he wrote "New Waggings of Old Tales," a series of humorous and satirical parodies. About this time he retired from "Life," and in 1888 he wrote "Katharine, a Travesty" for the dramatic association of the Ninth Company, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. Although a travesty of "The Taming of the Shrew," the construction of which it followed rather closely, it was really a comic opera, with a good libretto, full of quaint sayings and quips and songs, and through it Mr. Bangs became more widely known. The following year "Mephistopheles, a Profanation" was written. In 1891 appeared "Tiddledy-wink Tales," the first of his books for children. It has been followed by two other children's books, "In Camp with a Tin Soldier" and "Half Hours with Jimmie Boy."

In 1892 "Toppleton's Client," a novel, was published in London. "Coffee and Repartee," published last year by the Harpers, has been the most successful of his books for older people.

Mr. Bangs is a frequent contributor of jests and verses and short stories to the periodical press, and for several years has been editor of the humorous departments of the publications of the Harpers.

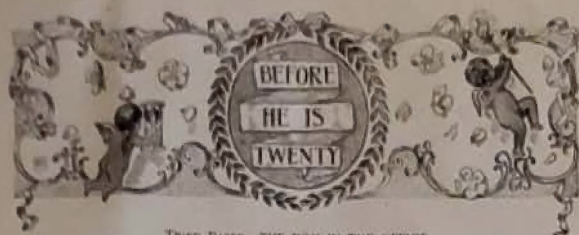
Personally, Mr. Bangs is very popular, and while his good humor, his wit and his kindly nature have endeared him to his intimates, his practical ability, his industry and his good sense have gained him the respect of all with whom, in any way, he has come in contact.

taken prosperity, gratifying as often as he could his love for the drama by a visit to the pit or even to the gallery of the theatre, and afterward talking of the play and the players with a few kindred souls.

It was from such humble beginnings, by the way, that the now influential Playgoers' Club in London came into existence. Mr. Jerome and one or two friends started the club while he was still busily engaged by day in a solicitor's office and by night as dramatic critic for a small weekly paper. It is very interesting to hear Mr. Jerome tell how at one time the writing of a great play seemed to him the only thing worth doing in the world, and how in his devotion to this idea he would dog the footsteps of theatrical managers with the manuscripts of his dramas and comedies.

As the event has proved, none of these mixed experiences have been wasted. Mr. Jerome has himself related in "The Idler" how, in his brief experience as an actor in a third-rate provincial company, he found the material for the little book which first started him on a literary career, "On the Stage—And Off." And it was clearly the varied experience of men and things which had been crowded into a few years which, with his keen eye for humor, enabled him before the age of thirty to make a reputation with two such books as "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat." Mr. Jerome is one of the few men who are younger than they look—he has not yet celebrated his thirtieth birthday. "Barbara," the pathetic little play which first gave him the ear of the play-going public, was written before he was eighteen. "The Idle Thoughts" was put to paper in the course of the next year or so, and "Three Men in a Boat" was written when he was about twenty-six.

When the success of "The Idle Thoughts" brought him some degree of affluence, Mr. Jerome left the solicitor's office and endorsed himself with his bright and sympathetic young wife in a cozy "flat" overlooking the river at Chelsea. It was at the top, I remember, of a very high building which was without an elevator, but people would cheerfully undertake the toilsome ascent for the sake of a cup of tea in the Jeromes' delightful rooms. About three years ago Mr. Jerome chose for his residence one of the semi-rustic villas which, with their walled-in gardens, tender St. John's Wood so attractive. In this house I have spent some very pleasant hours, Jerome every now and then bringing out some quaint saying, and as the shy humor plays about the fair face that indicates his Scandinavian ancestry, I am reminded that I am, indeed, in the society of the English Mark Twain.



THIRD PAPER—THE BOY IN THE OFFICE

By Edward W. Bok

BEFORE the boy who is earning three or four dollars per week in an office are naturally full of anxiety for his future. More particularly is this true of the mother. She watches him as he leaves the house to go to his desk each morning, and after a year or two she wonders why her boy's salary is not increased. "He is such a good boy," she reasons to herself, or tells some friend, "I am sure he deserves more money than he receives." This is the parental belief, and it is a natural one. But to be "a good boy" in the home does not always imply a helpful boy in the office. One does not necessarily follow the other, yet it must be confessed that domestic influences play an important part in the success of the boy in the office.

So far as possible every parent should try and see that his or her boy gets from the very start into that particular line of business for which he seems to have either a natural bent or taste. An uncongenial position is just as distasteful to a boy as it is to a man, and it is always a fatal mistake to turn a boy away from his natural inclinations. If his mind seems to be that of a lawyer it is far better that he should be put into a lawyer's office from the start. By being office boy in such an office, and climbing up, he knows just what every position calls for, and ten chances to one he will treat his employees better, when he becomes a practicing lawyer himself, than if he had not had the experience. I am a strong believer in the theory that a man should be an employee before he becomes an employer, and if he can pass through every position in the same business from the office boy's desk up, in which he afterward starts for himself, he will be the gainer for it.

THE advancement of a boy when in an office is necessarily slow, and a great deal of patience is necessary, especially on the side of the parents. If they become impatient the feeling is quickly imbibed by the boy, and he becomes impatient with that most fatal of all beliefs to a boy—that he is not appreciated by his employer. When a parent, by word or action, instills that belief in a boy, he impresses upon him the first wrong lesson in life. Promotion from errand or office boy to the next position is very tedious work, and it is slow because there is a wide gulf between the office boy's desk and the next position above it. At the same time the office boy's desk is the only one in a business house which is absolutely transient in its character. A man may remain a stenographer, a clerk, a bookkeeper, a cashier, all his life, but the office boy's desk is just what it indicates: the starting point of graduation.

After a boy passes his sixteenth year he is supposed to pass from under his mother's care to that of the father. But it is before his sixteenth year that the average boy begins or passes through his experience as office or errand boy. Hence, the responsibility of impressing correct principles in a boy's mind rests with the mother.

If, for example, punctuality is an unknown quality in a household, it is not likely that a boy will reach his desk punctually. In fact he cannot do so. He is dependent upon the home machinery for rising and getting his breakfast. When I was an office boy I was always at my desk at eight o'clock, but the fact that I was there was not due to myself in any sense. It was because my mother saw that I rose in time, had my breakfast in season, and left the house in plenty of time to reach the office. In that way the value of punctuality was impressed upon me. It is, indeed, the first essential of success in the life of an office boy. Rushing into the office at five minutes after eight, or whatever may be the hour set for the boy, is bad, since it is just as possible to reach the office five minutes before the hour.

Editor's Note.—This series of "Before He Is Twenty" aims to give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most pertaining to parents. The first two articles were printed in the April and June issues of the JOURNAL, and treated of:

"The Father and His Boy." By Robert J. Burdette.
 "When He Decides." By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

ANOTHER point in a boy's habits that leads to success in which the mother plays a part is in the neatness of his dress. No employer expects a boy earning three or four dollars per week to be dressed in the immediate fashions. But he has a right to expect that his boy be neatly dressed. No matter how poor we are, there is no excuse for any one wearing soiled linen. A clean collar and shirt should be made possible for every boy. Wherever possible, too, mothers should early train their boys to the wearing of cuffs, since they do much to impress cleanliness. A clean pair of cuffs adds a great deal to a boy's appearance. As we feel so do we work. Every man has experienced the comfortable feeling that arises because of the fact that he was wearing a new suit of clothes, and the increased interest in his surroundings and work because of this feeling. Our clothes unquestionably affect our feelings, and our feelings affect our work. If a boy feels clean and is neatly dressed he will do better work than if he is allowed to go to his office morning after morning with his clothes unbrushed, his face and hands only half washed, and his hair carelessly combed. Neatness does much for a boy in the eyes of his employer, and it costs nothing except a little pains. An employer likes to see the people in his office as well dressed as their circumstances allow, and it pleases him to see his office boy, when he sends him on errands to other business houses, make a good appearance.

It is in the home life that a boy must have formed for him the habits that will win him success in the outer world, and here everything depends upon the parents, and, as I said before, particularly upon the mother. It is she who can strike the wrong or the right key for a boy's whole day in the manner in which she sends him from home. If, in the morning, he is scolded for this, and scolded for that, he will start the day wrong, and show the effects of it in his work during the entire day. If, on the other hand, he goes from a bright, sunny home with his mother's kiss as his last good-by, depend upon it the day will be bright for him. His spirits are affected just as he starts the day. It is sad enough that so many boys must be sent out into the world to earn money at too young an age, but if this must be so, the hardships can be lightened for them. Again and again have I seen boys going to their desks in the morning with red, swollen eyes and a look that betokened anything but a pleasant home-leaving.

I am inclined to believe, too, that our boys do not, in a great many cases, receive from their parents that degree of sympathetic interest in their work that ought to be extended to them. If a boy feels interested in his daily duties and the people with whom he comes into contact, he naturally likes to talk about them over the dinner-table or during the evening at home. Parents who enter into a proper spirit of this interest on the part of a boy are the exception rather than the rule. They look upon their boy's going out into the world as a dire necessity, and once he reaches home they do not like to be reminded of it. This is better in theory than it is in practice. If a boy, filled with an ambition to become a factor in the business world which is yet all so strange to him, fails to find a sympathetic audience in his father or his mother, his enthusiasm receives a blow.

Parents should remain quiet factors in their boy's success in the office—not visible ones. Some mothers—and fathers, too—have a way of too directly entering into their boy's lives, and visiting the office where he is employed. As a rule, employers resent this, and their resentment is a just one. Sometimes circumstances make it possible for parents to meet their boy's employer in a pleasant and natural manner, and under such conditions the meeting can be made advantageous. But going to the office, and trying to advance the interests, is unwise. Interference is resented by the employer, as I have said, and it is hurtful to the boy, since it is far better for him to feel that he stands for himself in the business world, and that he cannot rely upon any one's assistance. The employer feels the home influence indirectly, and it counts far more than if the father and mother became a visible quantity. A good home training has a way of making itself apparent under all circumstances.

UPON the boy himself, of course much depends—the largest part, by far. If he is taught one thing at home and does another when away from home, then the consequences are his own. A boy succeeds in an office just in proportion as he carries himself and shows that he is deserving. It is folly to say that an office boy is a trait in the eyes of his employer. He is not. A capable office boy has his value to an office—just as much value as has a good bookkeeper—and every employer realizes this fact. The boy in the office is far more in the eyes of his chief than he oftentimes imagines. An office boy is always looked upon by an employer as a possibility. He is ever hopeful that the boy may show those qualities which will justify him in giving him more responsible work. The willingness upon the part of the employer to advance the boy in his office is present. Neither boy nor parent need have the slightest fear on this ground. The whole point rests upon whether the boy justifies the interest of his employer.

NOW I shall not say that a boy will succeed just in proportion as he is honest and truthful. This must go by inference. Everything in the business world depends upon honesty and truthfulness. Without these foundation stones no business can live. I do not say that a boy should be honest, truthful and faithful. I say he must be. But to be simply and solely what those three qualities mean will not win him success. He must be something more.

The average office boy does just what he is told to do. There he stops, and just there he falls. Now running errands can be made an art just as well as scores of boys now make it a hardship both to themselves and to their employer. The streets of our large cities are filled, during business hours, with office boys. For the most part they are a deplorable sight. It is the exception to see a boy going along the street doing what he is sent out to do, and doing it in a businesslike manner. The average boy shuffles along as if it were an absolute impossibility for him even to pick up his feet. He must strike every sign and post he meets on his way. He must throw something at every dog he sees. He makes a stopping-place of every candy stand and fruit-cart. If he is not yelling he is whistling. He believes that every empty truck or wagon is especially made for him to steal a ride upon. Now such a boy is more often seen on the street by his employer, or by some one who tells that employer, than the boy imagines. We do not expect our boys to be men, but we do expect that when sent on an errand, they will do that errand as well as they can, and behave themselves when they are doing it. Errand-running is the first test of a boy's character. If he can attend to errands well he will make an impression that will be valuable to him.

WHEN a boy is sent on an errand he should realize and feel that, for that moment, he is the representative of his employer, and see to it that his employer is represented by him and in him in the most creditable manner. When he receives his employer's message he should listen to it well, and for the moment dismiss everything else from his mind, and concentrate his thoughts upon the one thing expected of him. He should try to enter into the emergencies of a case and ascertain what will be expected of him if he finds it impossible to deliver his message. He should try to be something more than a messenger boy, pure and simple. Having his message well in mind, let him go straight to his destination as quickly as possible, and as quickly return. Business men always appreciate dispatch in a boy. Politeness, also, should be a living rule with every boy. Few things count for more in business or impress themselves so strongly. It is well for a boy to look upon every man he meets in, or out of his office, as a possible employer. A boy should strive to make an impression upon every business man he meets, not knowing what day he may be beholden to that man. Little acts of politeness on the part of a boy, such as invariably removing his hat when he comes into an office, or touching his cap when he meets men whom he has seen in the street, go a long way, and are not overlooked even by the busiest men.

In his work in the office, a boy should, above all things, be thorough. If his chief duty is to copy letters let him study the letter-press and its implements until he makes an art of what so many boys make a failure. Much depends upon the clear copy of a letter sometimes. If a boy is depended upon to sweep the office and keep it clean let him devote his every energy to doing it well. An office neatly kept is a very strong recommendation for a boy to his employer. The employer may, in the boy's eyes, not seem to notice that his room is always clean and neat, but depend upon it he does. He may not speak of it, he may have an entirely different and more substantial way of showing his appreciation. Even in cases where an employer may not be neat himself he appreciates neatness in others. A boy should always take care to keep his own desk and special little domain looking as neat as possible.

THE average office boy makes his greatest mistakes when he has any leisure moments. While he is kept busy he may be the best boy his employer feels he has ever had. But it is during those moments which come to every boy in an office when he has nothing to do, that he commits those lapses which undo for him everything he has done for himself during his busy moments. There are few things that are more irritating to an employer than to see his office boy sitting at his desk doing absolutely nothing. Then it is that the average boy either sits drumming on his desk with his fingers, whistling with his knife, idly gazing out of a window, or talking and laughing with others who have work to do. These things are very fatal to a boy's success. A boy should see to it that he has very few moments in which there is not something for him to do. If there is nothing just at his fingers' ends let him look around and see if there is not something he can do which he has put off during busy seasons. But let him keep himself busy, doing something no matter how insignificant. To read books is a good habit in its way, and yet I have never been able to feel that reading belongs to business hours on the part of a boy or any one else. I believe the mind of a boy who reads a newspaper, if he can find nothing else to do, is in better condition for business than the boy who reads a book, and I care not what may be its character.

IT is not unlikely that through this article I shall reach the eyes and ears of thousands of office boys, either directly or through their parents, and in these closing words I will write even more directly to them than I have in what I have said above. The chance exists for every office boy to begin a successful business career just where he is to-day, even though he is earning but three dollars per week. It is not the salary you earn, my lad, nor the position you are now in that means your success, but it is what you give to your employer for that salary, and what you make of your position that will count. Never be afraid to give too much for the money you receive.

Be the first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave at night. Don't have your hat all ready to snap up and run for the door the moment the clock points to the hour of closing. Let your employer see you at your desk when he goes. Never fear an extra half hour or hour. A little extra faithfulness after business hours counts for much.

Whatever is given you to do, no matter how trifling it may seem, do it thoroughly. Do it as if it were the only act of the whole day. If it is only the mailing of a letter, mail it in a street letter-box if you think it will be collected sooner than if it waits for the carrier to collect it at the office.

Be at your desk as much as you can; be away from it only when it is absolutely necessary.

Don't play; don't fool at the office; you are not paid for that. Don't stay out at lunch longer than is necessary. Don't feel that you must be out a full hour simply because you are entitled to it. Rather take less than just exactly all or more.

Ask to be "off" only when necessity, such as sickness or death, demands it. Rather lose a picnic or an excursion than lose one point with your employer.

Don't eat during business hours; have neither candy, not apples, nor nuts in your desk. A luncheon hour is given you, and time, too, in which to eat.

Don't cut out pictures and decorate your desk or the wall near you with them. An office is a business place where everything should lead to business, and not to things that belong more to your home than to your office.

Don't sulk because your mother sends you to bed early. She does it that you may be fresh in the morning, and better able to do a good day's work. You need all the sleep you can get.

Be truthful. Don't think "a little lie" won't hurt. It will, just as much as a big one. Liars, small or large, never make a success in business. Stick to the truth, even if you lose by it. You will gain by it later. Be able to look everybody straight in the face.

Keep your boy friends away from the office. They have no business there, and you have no right to have them there. Your employer pays you to receive his callers—not yours.

Be polite to everybody—to the peddler as well as to your employer's best customer. Politeness costs nothing, and is more valuable than many things that cost much.

Do your very best in everything. When you do that you do all you can, but be sure it is your very best. Then will many things come to you, and you will soon outdistance other boys who do as little as they can, or only do things in a half-hearted way. Never mind what other boys do—be you thorough in everything. If you are that you have the key to success.

* * * The next article in the series of "Before He Is Twenty" will treat of "A Boy's Evenings and Amusements," by Mrs. Burton Harrison—herself the mother of boys whom she has successfully trained.

POMONA'S TRAVELS

A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from Her Former Hand-Maiden

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



ONE of me got to like Buxton very much. We met many pleasant people, and as most of them had a chord in common, we were friendly enough. Jone said it made

him feel sad in the smoking room to see the men he'd got acquainted with get well and go home, but that's a kind of sadness that all parties can bear up under pretty well.

I haven't said a word yet about Scotland, though we have been here a week, but I really must get something about it into this letter. I was saying to Jone the other day that if I was to meet a king with a crown on his head I am not sure that I should know that king if I saw him again, so taken up would I be with looking at his crown, especially if it had jewels in it such as I saw in the regalia at the Tower of London. Now Edinburgh seems to strike me in very much the same way. Prince Street is its crown, and whenever I think of this city it will be of this magnificent street and the things that can be seen from it.

It is a great thing for a street to have one side of it taken away and sunk out of sight so that there is a clear view far and wide, and visitors can stand and look at nearly everything that is worth seeing in the whole town, as if they was in the front seats of the balcony in a theatre, and looking on the stage. You know I am very fond of the theatre, my dear, but I never saw anything in the way of what they call spectacular representation that came near Edinburgh as seen from Prince Street.

But as I said in one of my first letters, I am not going to write about things and places that you can get much better description in books, and so I won't take up any time in telling how we stand at the window of our room at the Royal Hotel and look out at the old town standing like a forest of tall houses on the other side of the valley, with the great castle perched up high above them, and all the hills and towers and the streets all spread out below us, with Scott's monument right in front, with everybody he ever wrote about standing on brackets, which stick out everywhere from the bottom up to the very top of the monument, which is higher than the tallest house, and looks like a steeple without a church to it. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and I have made out, or think I have, nearly every one of the figures that's carved on it. I think I shall like the Scotch people very much, but just now there is one thing about them that stands up as high above their other good points as the castle does above the rest of the city, and that is the feeling they have for anybody who has done anything to make his fellow-countrymen proud of him. A famous Scotchman cannot die without being pretty promptly born again in stone or bronze, and put in some open place with seats convenient for people to sit and look at him. I like this; glory ought to begin at home.

LETTER NO. XXI

EDINBURGH.

JONE being just as lively on his legs as he ever was in his life, thanks to the waters of Buxton, and I having the rheumatism now only in my arm, which I don't

need to walk with, we have gone pretty much all over Edinburgh, and a great place it is to walk in, so far as variety goes. Some of the streets are so steep you have to go up steps if you are walking, and about a mile around if you are driving. I never get tired wandering about the old town with its narrow streets and awfully tall houses, with family washes hanging out from every story.

The choirs are queer places. They are very like little villages set into the town as



"While the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear"

if they was raisins in a pudding. You get to them by alleys or tunnels, and when you are inside you find a little neighborhood that hasn't anything more to do with the next close a block away than one country village has with another.

We went to see John Knox's house, and although Mr. Knox was pretty hard on vanities and frivolities he didn't mind having a good house over his head, with wood-work on the walls and ceilings that wasn't any more necessary than the back buttons on his coat.

We have been reading hard since we have been in Edinburgh, and whenever Mr. Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots, come together I take Mary's side without asking questions. I have no doubt Mr. Knox was a good man, but if meddling in other people's business gave a person the right to have a monument, the top of his would be the first thing travelers would see when they come near Edinburgh.

When we went to Holyrood Palace it struck me that Mary, Queen of Scots, deserved a better house. Of course it wasn't built for her, but I don't care very much for the other people who lived in it. The rooms are good enough for an ordinary household's use, although the little room that she had her supper party in when Rizzio was killed, wouldn't be considered by Jone and me as anything like big enough for our family to eat in. But there is a general air about the place as if it belonged to a royal family that was not very well off, and had to abstain from a good deal of grandeur.

If Mary, Queen of Scots, could come to life again I expect the Scotch people would give her the best palace that money could buy, for they have grown to think the world of her, and her pictures blossom out all over Edinburgh like daisies in a pasture field.

The first morning after we got here I was as much surprised as if I had met Mary,

Queen of Scots, walking along Prince Street with a parasol over her head. We were sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, and on the other side of the room was a long desk at which people were sitting writing letters, all with their backs to us. One of these was a young man wearing a nice light-colored sack suit with a shiny, white collar sticking above it, and his black derby hat was on the desk beside him. When he had finished his letter he put a stamp on it and got up to mail it. I happened to be looking at him and I believe I stopped breathing as I sat and stared. Under his coat he had on a little skirt of green plaid about big enough for my Corinne when she was about five years old, and then he didn't wear anything whatever, until you got down to his long stockings and low shoes. I was so struck with the feeling that he was an absent-minded person that I jumped Jone and whispered to him to go quick and tell him. Jone looked at him and laughed and said that was the Highland costume.

Now if that man had had his martial plaid wrapped around him and had worn a Scottish cap with a feather in it and a long ribbon hanging down his back, with his claymore girdled to his side, I wouldn't have been surprised, for this is Scotland and that would have been like the pictures I have seen of Highlanders. But to see a man with the upper half of him dressed like a clerk in a dry goods store, and the lower half like a Highland chief was enough to make a stranger gasp.

But since then I have seen a good many young men dressed that way. I believe it is considered the tip of the fashion. I haven't seen any of the bare-legged dandies yet with a high silk hat and an umbrella, but I expect it won't be long before I meet one.

those fine fellows thought that the colors would run out of their beautiful plaids, or whether they would get rheumatism in their knees, but it did seem to me pretty hard that soldiers could not come out in the weather that lots of common citizens didn't seem to mind at all. I was a good deal put out, for I hate to get up early for nothing, but there was no use saying anything, and all we could do was to go home, as all the other people with full suits of clothes did.

Jone and I have got so much more to see before we go home that it is very well we are both able to skip around lively. Of course there are ever and ever so many places that we want to go to, but can't do it, but I am bound to see the Highlands and the country of the "Lady of the Lake." We have been reading up Walter Scott, and I think more than I ever did that he is perfectly splendid. While we was in Edinburgh we felt bound to go and see Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. I shall not say much about these two places, but I will say that to go into Sir Walter Scott's library and sit in the old armchair he used to sit in, at the desk he used to write on, and see his books and things around me, gave me more a feeling of reverence than I have had in any cathedral yet.

As for Melrose Abbey I could have walked about under those towering walls and lovely arches until the stars peeped out from the lofty vaults above, but Jone and the man who drove the carriage were of a different way of thinking, and we left all too soon. But one thing I did do: I went to the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, where once was shut up the book of awful mysteries, with a lamp always burning by it, though the flagstone was shut down tight on top of it, and I got a piece of moss and a weed. We don't do much in the way of carrying out such things, but I want Corinne to read the "Lady of the Lake," and then I shall give her that moss and that weed and tell her where I got them. I believe that in the way of romances Corinne is going to be more like me than like Jone.

To-morrow we go to the Highlands, and we shall leave our two big trunks in the care of the man in the red coat who is commander-in-chief at the Royal Hotel, and who said he would take as much care of them as if they was two glass jars filled with rubies, and we believed him for he has done nothing but take care of us since we came to Edinburgh, and good care, too.

LETTER NO. XXII

KINLOCH RANNOCH.

IT happened that the day we went north was a very fine one, and as soon as we got into the real Highland country there was nothing to hinder me from feeling that my feet was on my native heath except that I was in a railway carriage and that I had no Scotch blood in me, but the joy of my soul was all the same.

There was an old gentleman got into our carriage at Perth, and when he saw how we was taking in everything our eyes could reach, for Jone is a good deal more fired up by travel than he used to be—I expect it must have been the Buxton waters that made the change—he began to tell us all about the places we were passing through. There didn't seem to be a rock or a stream that hadn't a bit of history to it for that old gentleman to tell us about.

We got out at a little town called Struan, and then we took a carriage and drove



POMONA DRINKING IT IN

across the wild moors and hills for thirteen miles till we came to this village at the end of Loch Rannoch. The wind blew strong and sharp, but we knew what we had to expect and had warm clothes on. And with the cool breeze and remembering "Scott's Wha' Ha' w' Wallace Bled" made my blood tingle all the way.

We are going to stay here at least a week. I shall not try to do everything that can be done on Scottish soil for we shall not stalk stags or shoot grouse, and I have told Jane that he may put on as many Scotch bonnets and plaids as he likes, but there is one thing he is not going to do and that is to go far from the inn, to which he answered he would never do that unless he could slip his knees into weak coffee so that they would be the same color as his face.

There is a nice inn here with beautiful scenery all around, and the lovely Loch Rannoch stretches away for eleven miles. Everything is just as Scotch as it can be. Even the English people who come here put on knickerbockers and bonnets. I have never been anywhere else where it is considered the correct thing to dress like the natives, and I will say here that it is very few of the natives that wear kilts. That sort of thing seems to be given up to the fancy Highlanders.

Nearly all the talk at the inn is about shooting and fishing. Stag hunting here is very different from what it is in England in more ways than one. In the first place stags are not hunted with horses and hounds. In the second place the sport is not free. A gentleman here told Jane that if a man wanted to shoot a stag on these moors it would cost him one rifle cartridge and six five-pound notes, and when Jane did not understand what that meant the man went on and told him about how the deer stalking was carried on here. He said that some of the big proprietors up here owned as much as ninety thousand acres of moorland, and they let it out mostly to English people for hunting and fishing. And if it is stag hunting the tenant wants the price he pays is regulated by the number of stags he has the privilege of shooting. Each stag he is allowed to kill costs him thirty pounds. So if he wants the pleasure of shooting thirty stags in the season his rent will be nine hundred pounds. This he pays for the stag shooting, but some kind of a house and about ten thousand acres are thrown in, which he has a perfect right to sit down on and rest himself on, but he can't shoot a grouse on it unless he pays extra for that. And what is more, if he happens to be a bad shot, or breaks his leg and has to stay in the house, and doesn't shoot his thirty stags, he has got to pay for them all the same.

When Jane told me all this I said I thought a hundred and fifty dollars a pretty high price to pay for the right to shoot one deer. But Jane said I didn't consider all the rest the man got. In the first place he had the right to get up very early in the morning in the gloom and drizzle, and to trudge through the sloop and the heather until he got far away from the neighborhood of any human being, and then he could go up on some high piece of ground and take a spy-glass and search the whole country round for a stag. When he saw one way off in the distance snuffing the morning air, or hunting for his breakfast among the heather, he had the privilege of walking two or three miles over the moor so as to get that stag between the wind and himself so that it could not scent him or hear him. Then he had the glorious right to get his rifle all ready and steal and creep toward that stag to cut short his existence. He has to be as careful and as sneaky as if he was a snake in the grass, going behind little hills and down into gullies, and sometimes almost crawling on his stomach where he goes over an open place, and doing everything he can to keep that stag from knowing his end is near. Sometimes he follows his victim all day, and the sun goes down before he has the glorious right of standing up and lodging a bullet in its unsuspecting heart.

"So you see," said Jane, "he gets a lot for his hundred and fifty dollars."

"They do get a good deal more for their money than I thought they did," said I, "but I wonder if those rich sportsmen ever think that if they would take the money that they pay for shooting thirty or forty stags in one season they might buy a rhinoceros, which they could set up on a hill and shoot at every morning if they liked. A game animal like that would last them for years, and if they were felt like it they could ask

their friends to help them shoot without costing them anything."

Jane is pretty hard on sport with killing in it. He does not mind eating meat but he likes to have the butcher do the killing, but I reckon he is a little too tender-hearted, but as for me I like sport of some kind, especially when you don't have your city or your sympathies awakened by seeing your prey enjoying life when you are seeking to encompass his end. Of course by that I mean fishing.

There are a good many trout in the lake, and people can hire the privilege of fishing for them, and I begged Jane to let me go out in a boat and fish. He was rather in favor of staying ashore and fishing in the little river, but I didn't want to do that. I wanted to go out and have some regular lake fishing. At last Jane agreed provided I would not expect him to have anything to do with the fishing. "Of course I don't expect anything like that," said I, "and it would be a good deal better for you to stay on shore. The landlord says a gilly will go along to row the boat and attend to the lines and rods and all that, and so there won't be any need for you at all, and you can stay on shore with your book and watch if you like."

"And suppose you tumble overboard," said Jane.

"Then you can swim out," I said, "and perhaps wade a good deal of the way. I



"Jane looked at him and said that was the Highland costume."

don't suppose we need go far from the bank."

Jane laughed and said he was going too. "Very well," said I, "but you have got to stay in the bow with your back to me and take an interesting book with you, for it is a long time since I have done any fishing, and I am not going to do it with two men watching me and telling me how I ought to do it and how I oughtn't to. One will be enough."

"And that one won't be me," said Jane. "For fishing is not one of the branches I teach in my school."

I would have liked it better if Jane and me had gone alone, he doing nothing but row, but the landlord wouldn't let his boat that way and said we must take a gilly, which, as far as I can make out, is a sort of sporting farm hand. That is the way to do fishing in these parts.

Well, we started, and Jane sat in the front with his back to me, and the long-legged gilly rowed like a good fellow. When we got to a good place to fish he stopped and took a fishing-rod that was in pieces and screwed them together, and fixed the line all right so that it would run along the rod to a little wheel near the handle, and then he put on a couple of hooks with artificial flies on them, which was so small I couldn't imagine how the fish could see them. While he was doing all this I got a little fidgety because I had never fished except with a straight pole and line with a cork to it, which would be a different sort of thing. When it was all ready he handed me the pole and then sat down very polite to look at me.

Now, if he had handed me the rod and then taken another boat and gone home, perhaps I might have known what to do with the thing after a while, but I must say that at that minute I didn't. I held the rod out over the water and let the flies dangle down into it, but do what I would they wouldn't sink, there wasn't weight enough on them.

"You must throw your fly, madam," said the gilly, always very polite. "Let me give it a throw for you," and then he took the rod in his hand and gave it a whirl and

a switch which sent the flies out ever so far from the boat, then he drew it along a little so that the flies skipped over the top of the water.

I didn't say anything, and taking the pole in both hands I gave it a wild twist over my head, and then it flew out as if I was trying to whip one of the leaders in a four-horse team. As I did this Jane gave a jump that took him pretty near out of the boat, for two flies whirled just over the bridge of his nose, and so close to his eyes as he was reading an interesting dialogue and not thinking of fish or even of me, that he gave a jump sideways, which, if it hadn't been for the gilly grabbing him, would have taken him overboard. I was frightened myself and said to him that I told him he ought not to come in the boat, and it would have been a good deal better for him to have stayed on shore.

He didn't say anything but I noticed he turned up his collar and pulled down his hat over his eyes and ears. The gilly said that perhaps I had too much line out, and so he took the rod and wound up a good deal of the line. I liked this better because it was easier to whip out the line and pull it in again. Of course, I would not be likely to catch fish so much nearer the boat, but then we can't have everything in this world. Once I thought I had a bite and gave the rod such a jerk that the line flew back against me, and when I was getting ready to throw it out again I found that one of the little hooks had stuck fast in my thumb. I tried to take it out with the other hand, but it was awfully awkward to do because the rod wobbled and kept jerking on it. The gilly asked me if there was anything the matter with the flies, but I didn't want him to know what had happened and so I said, "Oh, no," and turning my back on him I tried my best to get the hook out without his helping me, but I didn't want him to think that the first thing I caught was myself after just missing my husband—he might be afraid it would be his turn next. You cannot imagine how bothersome it is to go fishing with a gilly to wait on you. I would rather wash dishes with a sexton to wipe and look for nicks on the edges.

At last, and I don't know how it happened, I did hook a fish, and the minute I felt him I gave a jerk and up he came. I heard the gilly say something about playing, but I was in no mood for play, and if that fish had been shot up out of the water by a submarine volcano it couldn't have ascended any quicker than when I jerked it up. Then as quick as lightning it went whirling through the air, struck the pages of Jane's book, turning over two or three of them, and then wiggled itself half way down Jane's neck between his skin and his collar, while the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear.

"Don't pull, madam," shouted the gilly, and it was well he did for I was just on the point of giving an awful jerk to get the fish loose from Jane. Jane gave a grab at the fish, which was trying to get down his back, and pulling him out threw him down, but by doing this he jerked the other hook into his ear, and then a yell arose such as I never before heard from Jane. "I told you you ought not to come in this boat," said I, "you don't like fishing and something is always happening to you."

"Like fishing!" cried Jane. "I should say not," and he made up such a comical face that even the gilly, who was very polite, had to laugh as he went to take the hook out of her ear.

When Jane and the fish had been got off my line, Jane turned to me and said, "Are you going to fish any more?"

"Not with you in the boat," I answered, and then he said he was glad to hear that and told the man he could row us ashore.

I can assure you, madam, that fishing in a rather wobbly boat with a husband and a gilly in it, is not to my taste, and that was the end of our sporting experiences in Scotland, but it did not end the glorious times we had by that lake and on the moors.

We hired a little pony trap and drove up to the other end of the lake, and not far beyond that is the beginning of Rannoch Moor, which the books say is one of the wildest and most desolate places in all Europe. So far as we went over the moor we found that this was truly so, and I know that I, at least, enjoyed it ever so much more because it was so wild and desolate. As far as we could see the moors stretched away in every direction, covered in most places by heather, now out of blossom, but with great rocks standing out of the ground in some places, and here and there patches of grass. Sometimes we could see two or three lochs at once, some of them the middle of the moor came the maddest and most furious little rivers that could be imagined. It actually seemed to go out of its way to find rocks to jump over, just as if it was a young calf, and some of the waterfalls were beautiful. All around us was melancholy mountains, all of them with "Ben" for their first names, except Schiehallion, which was the best shaped of any of them, coming up to a point and standing by itself, which was what I used to think mountains always did, but now I know they run into each other

so that you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins.

For three or four days we went out on these moors, sometimes when the sun was shining and sometimes when there was a heavy rain and the wind blew gales, and I think I liked this last kind of weather the best, for it gave me an idea of lonely desolation which I never had in any part of the world I have ever been in before. There is often not a house to be seen, not even a crofter's hut, and we seldom met anybody. Sometimes I wandered off by myself behind a hillock or rocks where I could not even see Jane, and then I used to try to imagine how I would have felt if she had early become a widow, and to put myself in her place. There was always clouds in the sky, sometimes dark and heavy ones coming down to the very peaks of the mountains, and not a tree was to be seen, except a few roan trees or birches close to the river. But by the side of Loch Rannoch on our way back to the village we passed along the edge of a fine old forest called the "Black Woods of Rannoch." There are only three of these ancient forests left in Scotland, and some of the trees in this one are said to be eight hundred years old.

The last time we went out on the Rannoch Moor there was such a savage and driving wind and the rain came down in such torrents that my mackintosh was blown nearly off of me and I was wet from my head to my heels. But I would have stayed out hours longer if Jane had been willing, and I never felt so sorry to leave these Crampian Hills, where I would have been glad to have had my father feed his flocks, and where I might have wandered away my childhood, bare-footed over the heather, singing Scotch songs and drinking in deep draughts of the pure mountain air, instead of but no matter.

To-morrow we leave the Highlands, but as we go to follow the shallops of the "Lady of the Lake," I should not repine.

(Conclusion in September JOURNAL.)

"* Mr. Stockton's humorous revival of 'Pomona's Travels,' which has been so popular, was commenced in the December, 1893, number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Single copies of any of the volumes can be had at five cents each. The entire set, beginning with the first issue containing 'Pomona's Travels,' will be sent for ten cents, postage free."

Immediately upon the close of 'Pomona's Travels' in the next, the September, issue of the JOURNAL, there will be commenced a two-part story by Mr. Stockton, entitled 'As One Woman to Another.' After that will be printed another short story by Mr. Stockton, entitled 'Love Before Breakfast.' Succeeding this there will be other short stories by Mr. Stockton, all written in his happiest vein.

A SUMMER ROSE

BY FRANCES COURTNEY DAYLOR

WHAT so sweet as a summer rose? Why, a sweet woman, to be sure, any month of the year, the secret of the rose is that of the woman too, and we women should remember this whenever we take one of these exquisitely beautiful flowers into our hands and look deep into its glowing heart, admiring its beauty and rejoicing in its perfume.

This darling of Nature, with its exquisite hue, its petals velvet, soft, veined, almost translucent, smoother than marble, sentient, rejoicing apparently in its own life and loveliness—this miracle of beauty with its heart of gold, its breath of Heaven, has its secret, has a word for you and a word for me. It has been set in a hard soil perhaps, and had a bleak exposure. What deep snows, what icy blasts, what nipping frosts, what drenching rains, what scant sunshine has it got in the past winter? Silently, patiently, meekly has it received them all, and in the depths of its lovely nature, by a physical alchemy that has the power of a spiritual principle, it transfigures them all into this thing of wonder and delight, and pours its fragrance out upon evil and good, high and low, young and old, until it dies and drops back upon the bosom that gave it life. It knows the full sweetness of being sweet. It knows the blessedness of giving prodigally its best to all who approach it. It knows how to make the world more fair and more fragrant for even its short life, and gives as much glory to Him "in whose hand is the breath of every living thing." It knows the deep joy that lies at the heart of pain, and it has power to soothe by its beauty and fragrance.

"Happiness, my fellow-creatures and earth-born companions," says this preacher, who, like Chaucer's priest, follows itself the law it lays down. "Happiness does not lie in anything we get, but in what we give. Then let us imitate the rose, and let every life that touches ours in every day be the brighter and sweeter for our existence. If only by a word—a breath of love. Let us give to all alike, and give our best as does the summer rose."

HAND-PAINTED CHOCOLATE-SET

By Anna T. Roberts



This pretty chocolate-set consists of two cups and saucers—each with a different decoration—the regular chocolate pot, and a small tray, on which the pot is intended to stand. The tray makes a very pretty cake-plate, and may be used for that purpose if desired. The designs are painted directly on white china. In the mineral colors, the dainty little sprays and single flowers, contrasting harmoniously with the rich gold employed in painting the handles, scrolls and the fancy patterns between. One will feel repaid for the time and labor spent in decorating this chocolate-set, as the result will be found most effective when carefully executed. The designs may also be used for the decoration of tea

COLORS FOR THE VIOLETS

It will be well to make some of the violets quite dark to give variety; others, again, may be painted in lighter tones of purple. The colors must not be painted heavily, or the delicate effect will be lost. Put the lids on, after the under color has thoroughly dried, in thin, transparent washes. If this is not done the under color will work up in the painting and ruin your work; no amount of slipping will give it its former smooth texture, and you will have to wipe off all the color and begin painting your flower over again.

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

If you wish satisfactory results—I speak now to the experienced china painter—and if you observe these suggestions, it will save needless disappointment in the end. The centers of the violets are painted with silver yellow and shaded with yellow brown; sometimes a little orange dot is used to bring out the effect instead of the yellow brown. Either capucine red or deep red brown mixed with silver yellow will give the correct shade for this. The stems and leaves are laid in with different shades of green, making some a bright yellowish green, while others, especially the larger leaves, are painted in darker tones. For the lighter ones use apple green and a small quantity of silver yellow, shading with brown green. For the dark leaves chrome and brown green will be found useful with brown 17 for the darker accents. Vein and outline some of the leaves with violet of iron. The lid, handles, scrolls and the lace-like patterns between some of the scrolls, as well as the under edge of the chocolate pot and cups, are to be finished with gold, which will give a very handsome and rich effect to the whole set.

A VIOLET SUGAR BOWL

The design for the sugar-bowl in illustration No. 1 is intended to match the chocolate pot, tray and one of the cups and saucers, so that a whole chocolate-set can be carried out with the violet decoration. If any of the other flowers are preferred to the violets they can be easily used, with very little alteration. The violets are painted with carmine No. 1, and deep ultramarine blue, while ruby purple and deep blue are the colors to use for shading and painting the darker violets. The centers of the violets are put in with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown or a touch of deep red brown. Silver yellow and apple green are useful for painting the stems and lighter leaves; these are shaded with brown green. The darker leaves can be laid in with brown and chrome greens, with brown 17 added to these for the darker touches. A wash of yellow brown over some of the brighter leaves greatly tones down the effect of the greens. The handles, fancy knob on the lid, scroll-work and lattice-work pattern between the scrolls, are all finished with gold, like the chocolate-pot.

CHOCOLATE-POT—VIOLET DECORATION (illus. No. 1)

or after-dinner coffee cups if desired, and, with very little alteration, will be found to be very pretty for the decorating of other china articles as well.

DECORATION OF VIOLETS

As violets are great favorites in china painting just now they will form the decoration of the chocolate-pot in illustration No. 1, chocolate-tray in illustration No. 2, violet sugar-bowl in illustration No. 3, and cup and saucer in illustration No. 4. Directions for painting them in the mineral colors are as follows: The violets to be laid in with a thin wash of deep ultramarine blue and carmine No. 1 mixed together, shade with deep blue and ruby purple. Some china painters prefer using violet of gold with blue for painting violets, but this color is very expensive, and I think the colors I have given will be found entirely satisfactory for decorating this exquisite chocolate-set.

THE YELLOW JASMINE

Paint the flowers and buds on the cup and saucer in illustration No. 5 with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown. For some of the greenish leaves in these flowers a small touch of brown green may be mixed with the yellow to give a good effect. The silver yellow must be put on delicately if a light shade is desired, so yellows are apt to come from the kiln a more brilliant tint. If the color is put on thickly, it is well to remember this, for it is much easier to darken the color for a second firing than have the tint come out a bright crude yellow, which will be found almost impossible to tone down, and must be left as it is, fired into the china and cannot be rubbed off. Paint the stems of the jasmine with yellow brown, with violet of iron or brown 17 for the darker touches. The leaves, which are a dark glossy green, are painted with chrome and brown green, to which a small quantity of deep ultramarine blue has been added, shade with brown 17. Make the calyx of the flowers, also the stems, a lighter green than the leaves; apple green with silver yellow, shaded with violet of iron will be the colors to use for this. This yellow jasmine cup and saucer are very beautiful if the design be carefully carried out and the colors carefully chosen and delicately applied.

CLOVER CUP AND SAUCER

Put a thin wash of carmine No. 1 over the clover blossoms, in illustration No. 6, to which a small quantity of flux has been added; this imparts a fine gloss to the pink when fired, otherwise the carmine will come out a dull shade of pink, almost entirely without any gloss, but be careful not to use too much of the former, and see that it is rubbed down with the palette knife to a smooth consistency before using. While the color (carmine No. 1) is still wet, work in a little green, say apple green, on the shadow side of the clover heads; do not let it spread too much into the part catching the light. Let this dry, and work up the blossoms with ruby purple mixed with carmine, using a very fine-pointed brush. The high lights can be wiped or scratched out when finished. The clover leaves are painted with apple green and silver yellow, qualified with gray No. 1, which gives a soft pleasing tone, shading the leaves with brown and chrome greens, also brown 17 or 108. Paint some of the leaves a cool green; for this neutral gray and chrome green can be used. The handle and under part of the cup, also the scrolls and spider-webs, are all to be done in gold, making a very rich effect.

CORN-FLLOWER CUP AND SAUCER

Paint the little corn flowers on the cup and saucer in illustration No. 8 with a thin wash of deep blue green, also a light green, as its name implies, but a bright blue, which used in painting blue flowers, shade with deep ultramarine blue. If the color appears too bright a thin wash of gray No. 1 will tone it down. The leaves are painted in a rich ruby purple. The leaves are a soft sage green. These may be put in with brown green or chrome green and



A VIOLET SUGAR-BOWL (illus. No. 1)

neutral gray. The calyx of the flowers, stems and buds partake of a lighter green; for this shade apple green and silver yellow can be used, shading with violet of iron. Finish the handle, under part of the cup, scrolls and stems with gold.

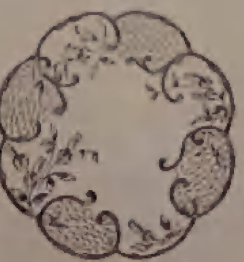
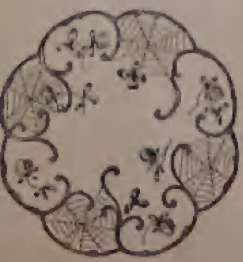
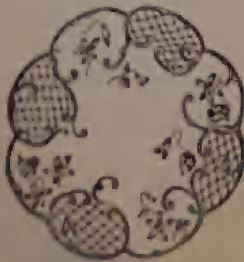
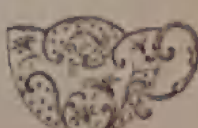
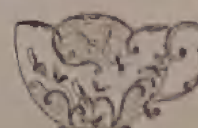
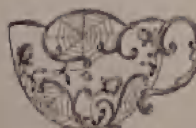
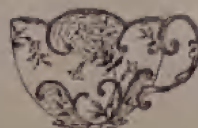
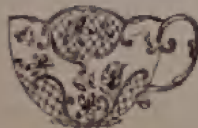
MARNETTA-VINE CUP AND SAUCER

The flowers of this vine, shown in illustration No. 7, are a bright scarlet, with a yellow edge at the top of each flower. Use for this silver yellow, while



TRAY OR CAKE-PLATE—VIOLETS (illus. No. 2)

capucine red, shaded with deep red brown, can be used for painting the rest. The leaves are rather cool in tone, which contrast pleasantly with the brighter tints of the flowers, and set them off to greater advantage. Brown green, shaded with violet of iron or brown 17, can be used for painting the leaves; chrome green and neutral gray can also be used for some of the leaves in shades. The handle and edges of cup and saucer to be done in gold.



VIOLETS (illus. No. 4)

YELLOW JASMINE (illus. No. 5)

CLOVER (illus. No. 6)

MARNETTA-VINE (illus. No. 7)

CORN-FLOWER (illus. No. 8)

POLITENESS IN TWO COUNTRIES

By Grace Elsey Channing



What a great deal of politeness is shown in Italy! It is all the more remarkable because the Italian people are so much more educated, more, as they say, educated in the sense of refinement, breeding, culture, and not clumsily confining it, as we do, with instruction merely.

NOW this same Italian politeness is a genuine and genuinely beautiful thing. No one can be longer than four hours in Italy without feeling the gracious reply to the questioner, the ready greeting, the ever-ready bearing and smiling attention which add a charm to the most humdrum of life. It is far pleasanter, for instance, to hear from a smiling conductor, "Signora, have one with your ticket," than to have a rough hand thrust at you with the blunt, droning, "Tickets." And there is something very charming, too, in the ready rebellion between a small boy's fist and his hand, in that teasing so long a part of the race that it has become instinct in the individual, by which the loudest gentleman can do the gentlest thing gracefully and as if it were the only natural thing. Yes, all this is true and beautiful and striking, but there is another side to it which Americans cannot afford to forget.

We are accused of a national heartiness; there is something we should be very well justified in making our national boast, and that is the breeding, the courtesy, the civility without rival or parallel of our American men. Against the land of gentleness and the native courtesy who inhabit it, the "invaders among nations" with its native horde of barbaric Americans may lift up its hand fearlessly, for a land of comparative politeness! The final test of true gentleness must always be the bearing of the stranger to the weaker, the powerful to the less powerful. And the finest flower of national courtesy is the respect and homage the men of a nation yield to its women. Measured thus, no men in all the world are so truly gentle and chivalrous as the American men. No women receive anything like the consideration of the American women.

LOOK for a moment at the courteous Italian. It is perfectly true that even an Italian boy is never surprised out of his manners. If you—a "signora"—run upon him at the angle of the stairs or a street corner, he flashes out of your path, and his hat comes off with a quick and grace which do not inhere in the American boy's hat or nature. But it is equally true that if you—an overladen landlady or domestic—happen to encounter him in, he will quite as probably push ruthlessly past with less than no courtesy. It is true that an Italian gentleman will do you a gallantry of a service, if he be inclined, with a charm translatable by no other, but he will, and he does, sit unmoved in car or train and let you clamber in or out with your heavy portmanteau or arms full of packages without lifting a finger in your aid. He will, and he does, stand by the letter box conversing with a friend or simply fixing you with a cool stare, keeping you waiting his good pleasure to post your letters, and then you must do it as you best can. He will, and he does, stand by you on every possible occasion where there is an advantage, or merely a need to be obtained. He will do this not once, but twenty times, not to-day only, but every day. You are only a woman, what business have you about anyway? I leave out entirely the vast class who, since you are a woman and about, feel at full liberty to insult and annoy you to a greater or less extent.

It will be said that all this is the natural outcome of the different position of women in Europe and in America. Just possibly! It is the freedom of American women which has enabled her in the eyes of American men, and given her a status and secured her a respect impossible to a creature in a state of tutelage. But what matter for the origin? We are speaking of the fact. And it is needless to discuss here whether man's charity first gave woman her freedom, or her freedom commanded her civility. We are speaking of the fact, and the fact is that she is ennobled and is rapidly importing her freedom across the ocean, where we may hope the civility will follow. Think of the armies of our women abroad, already the phrase "She is an American" makes possible and safe, though not always and altogether pleasant, whatever degree of freedom you may choose to take when you are temporarily residing in Europe.

It is interesting to learn how both men and women appear to Italian eyes, and it is doubly satisfactory to realize the supposed politeness of one's country as a foreigner's. A friend and student of Italian gentlemen went from Italy to the World's Fair last summer. He sent back his impressions, for which one American feels personally obliged, they were more than a little surprising.

He had hardly been out of past twenty-four hours when his attention was distracted from the salient beauties and the fascinating appointments of the floating palace by the commonplace American woman, and he began to study her with common-lawyer's sharpness. How perfectly at home she was, how always well dressed, how gay and how graceful, how neatly she adapted herself to the inconveniences, how calmly she ignored the discomforts, how self-poised and self-possessed she was, making herself agreeable to every possible man on board and taking admirable care of her children. He began to ask himself, he says, whether in the same circumstances the ladies of his own land would have not been a good deal asked by these days of sea life, whether they would not have suffered a good deal under the inconveniences, and whether they would not, also, have made up their minds to the American system of education possessed certain advantages; but he would not be understood, he added hastily, as a loyal gentleman should, for a single moment to elevate any woman to a place in his admiration above his poetic and adorable countrywomen. Nevertheless there was something admirable in these Americans.

PRESENTLY he arrived in New York— but first, so did a friend of mine, an American woman, after a long European absence. From her of him she looked about her for a *fachina* to take her hand luggage. Not a porter was in sight; she had barely time to think to herself, "how American," before two gentlemen hastened forward and cordially insisted upon carrying her bags and bundles. That, too, was "how American."

The whole tale of national differences is in that nutshell. In Europe you might or you might not find a *fachina*, but what is certain is that no elegant gentleman would disturb his mind about it. If *fachinas* were scarce he would crowd by you in order to secure one first, if possible, and then walk off leaving you to your destiny and to your bundles. To return to our particular Italian, he arrived in New York, promptly decided that in the matter of customs "all the world is one country," and then gave himself intelligently to observing, admiring and criticizing the city. He had come from the land of functionaries, in which municipal guards with a great deal of cocked hat, silver, epaulettes, dangling sword and blue and scarlet pervade the streets in pairs, and one of the things which first struck him was the small number of policemen holding in order "the immense and active city," and the high respect shown for these few men, "distinguished only by a somewhat ridiculous cap" (one must own that the municipal guards are prettier to look at), "and possessing no arms—prevailing by a glance, by a sign of the hand, by a single word."

BUT what seized above all the imagination of this inhabitant of the land of gentleness—himself of the gentlest, if his letters may be unconscious witness for him—was again the American woman and the place she occupies, incidentally he pays this tribute to our American men:

The women go about alone; they have their business, their life of work and of effort, and they go ever numerous and ever respected. They are sure always of a seat, because the Americans, even in the lowest classes of the people, compel to offer the most comfortable place to a woman, and that with a courtesy perfectly natural and spontaneous. It is one of the so small proofs of the respect which they have for women here; one of the so small grains of incense burnt upon her altar, and this sincere and continuous devotion to the gentle sex is like a fine and delicate perfume which does the spirit good and strengthens it, and makes one pardon many things in the character of the "business man." Women work constantly in the offices of merchants, in the magazines of public sale, they hold posts of importance, and render services highly prized, while the attitude of the most profound respect, the most sincere regard surrounds them everywhere.

So save our Italian, and perhaps only the American woman out of America realizes how well worth the saying it is, and how true that the women of our own country are at home treated always with the courtesy and consideration which, as women, they are entitled to.

I have been for sometime—two good seasons I consider it—to travel much upon the American continent, and I must have received but one piece of discourtesy, and that was from an Englishman of whom I never thought he might be for a continental. I was on my way to inquire whether the car I had barely boarded was a through car or not. His reply after a prolonged stare was, "There's a placard outside." From my own conversation I have received nothing but courtesies and kindnesses which linger in my memory indeed like "a fine and delicate perfume, doing the spirit good." To be an American girl or woman traveling alone—or rather to be a girl or woman in America traveling alone—is to have, not one protector, but a score, to be the particular charge of every man who is traveling in your direction. I have in mind such countless instances, not only of the courtesy gathered at momentary stopping places, the ice cracked up in hot deserts, the cups of cold water in thirly places and warming comforters in cold ones, all the unnumbered little daily miracles perpetually operating in one's favor by strangers, but also greater services in moments of emergency. Have you times a hot pocketbook, no accidental alarm in a crowded train has given birth to a kindly comrade, always opening their pocket-books, setting in motion telegraph wires and even trunks, expending time and assuming trouble naturally and simply as a thing which belonged to them of course. Thanks to the freedom with which even our girls travel, such emergencies will arise not infrequently, thanks to our men they may arise and to our men be the worse for them.

I do not mean in the least that there are not Italian gentlemen capable of an equal kindness. I do not forget that my very entrance into Europe was made beautifully easy by the kindness of an Italian gentleman who had lived long in America. And that there are others who have lived as graciously I do not doubt; but the experience of every hour forces me to the belief that this, which with us is courtesy so ordinary as to be only remarkable when missed, is still in Italy courtesy extraordinary.

THE American woman, as she poses and allows her weary way about among those courteous *signori*, remembers many things. She remembers how, let her enter the busy past offices of great Eastern cities or rushing Western towns, she is veiled a place and pushed to the front of a line of driving business men, none too busy or driven to wait for a woman; how her letters are taken from her hands to be mailed, her face to be passed to the conductor, her packages that she may climb into a car or cross a muddy street; how seats in elevators and trains spring up for her; how, at her approach, in elevators, on the stairways of hotels, everywhere, hats are quickly removed in silent homage of recognition that she is a woman, not as in Europe some woman, but simply a woman. Finally she remembers that this is not true of any part or portion of her country alone—that she may travel over wide America, north and south and east and west, and the drowsed commercial Yankee, the rushing New York business man, the languid Southerner, the bluff and lively Westerner, will all burn for her these "little grains of incense" before the altar of her womanhood. They may be little but they stand for a great fact. They mean that everywhere in her own land she is an honored presence.

It has been said that the American man is the only man who can do a woman a service without looking at her; he is also the only man who can look at her as at another individual soul, a creature related to his mother, wife and sister, and not merely the *femelle de l'homme*. That is not in the European man. He is gallant, he is flattering he can be all that is charming, he may nurse a poetic love of the young girl, the budding woman, he may have an individual respect for some individual woman or woman he knows, but reverence for womanhood as womanhood is not his.

On the other hand this reverence, however often discovered, is in American manhood, making of many a rough, helter-skelter schoolboy (who rarely knows where his hat is anyway) a "brother of arms," in the beautiful Irish phrase, and of many a bustling, hard worked business man a very polite gentle knight, whose woman are concerned. No one professes that our men are perfect, in truth. We say only that our men are far in advance of other men in their treatment of women. Such as it is that advance in their homes and on glory, and ought to be matter of personal pride to every boy and girl in the land of which it is true. Patriotism does not mean only devotion to one's flag, it means the kindling love and enthusiasm for every flag of national nobility and the burning shame for every trait of national weakness. As Americans, then, we may lift our hands high remembering that our land, which is so often reproved for her loss of youth, has been first among the nations of the earth to fix her glory in the freedom of her women and the chivalry of her men.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT FEELING

By Mary Johnston



WITTY and sympathetic men once said to me: "I could marry a woman who had no feelings and had more than a woman who had feelings, and would marry her." Or, worse, the reply came from him who said this to me, "I could not help loving that woman who I could not help loving, with love, although I have known the value and the service of the woman with no feelings to be underestimated."

My daughter has a friend—a woman only a little past middle age, whose company is more sought after and prized than that of almost any one I know. She has no money, by the way, and as much as ever, and she is cultured, always cheerful, and will listen to and rally the poorest folks. She is asked in everything in the shape of a feast, for she is the amusement and relaxation of whoever may be about her. At the same time, whenever her plans are wounded the agony which she suffers is so intense and disconcerting that, after all, you know, she has no feelings.

And this is perfectly true. Quick and comprehending as is her mind, and graceful as is her glance when she is talking to her, there is always the conviction that not a trace of real interest is excited. If she only had a heart the girl would be an angel.

I like the old-fashioned words. And when I have been alone with her I have often wanted to say, "My dear, do be an angel!" But she has no heart. If she were to marry a foreigner and go abroad to live she would leave us all without a moment's regret. No one has ever been with her word of feeling, and even the world against her.

And this is what seems to me saddest. Take this girl as she is. Whether it is her nature or not she never senses the challenge to be agreeable, whatever her own plans and likings are she never betrays impatience when they are crossed. Her companion may be able, cheerful and tireless, but her eyes and her face little joke one never dulled by their women. In life, she may be the one exception of the light which shines but does not warm, yet while she keeps a whole circle in good humor by her wit, so she shows, it is a poor notion as a girl at last.

Again, and speaking more of a whole different type, I can call to mind such women, often only the survivors of a more rapid race—stern, stern, understanding and ruling their households with a rod of iron. How little this generation understands them! How little merit it shows to the implicit faith in duty, the unswerving devotion to work the almost fanatic hatred of waste and self-indulgence, and the Spartan maxims of life in which they were brought up and which they still adhere to. What has become of our own that we cannot see the beauty of such lives? Why are we no longer recognize their value? These are not the women who have feelings but look none; they are without feelings at all, according to the standards of our race, discarded and existing on their own.

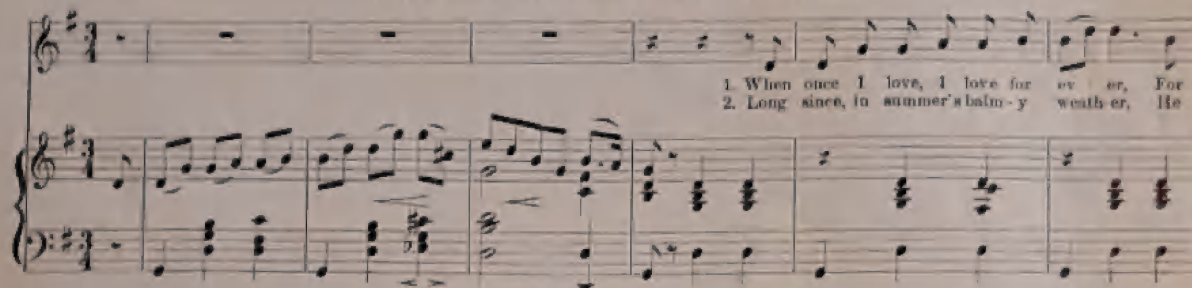
How young girls wonder that their great mothers or grandmothers, who have lived and reared them, and really, I think, that many other people than those who have made just the same almost commonplaces. I can speak with safety to every one. What has not known one of these women whose women almost live the dead to life in her power of sympathy or constant patience in single-mindedness and meanness her body in a larger patience, and a willing house built by courage, economy and hard work? I shall be told that all these things are admirable. But that is just the point, they are not. If they were the cry of the young would never be heard out of every house. I know an old lady who has had the misfortune to live a long life and to see all her descendants grow up, and to see "understand" her. She is of the old, respectable sort, and they, artists, cultured, clever, modern people, have no place for her either in their theories or their interests. With these few notions can scarcely be expected to agree unless you see the components come out from her, but from them. They are not components in words; they are completely crystallized into one thing, the old school, which does not, as it cannot, wholly sympathize with them. It seems to take an outsider, like myself, to see what I do see, that without this secret, we separate from them all wives and households, both would have to teach themselves the outside which the community would be less present; their households would be dragging on without the strong axis, so to speak, which the put in almost unimpaired for each newly married couple, and the whole family, now held together in an unusual regard, would soon fall apart and be dispersed.

I believe there must be many such cases. I have the deepest respect for those strong, unyielding characters who do not conceal their utter intolerance of our self-centered modern methods.

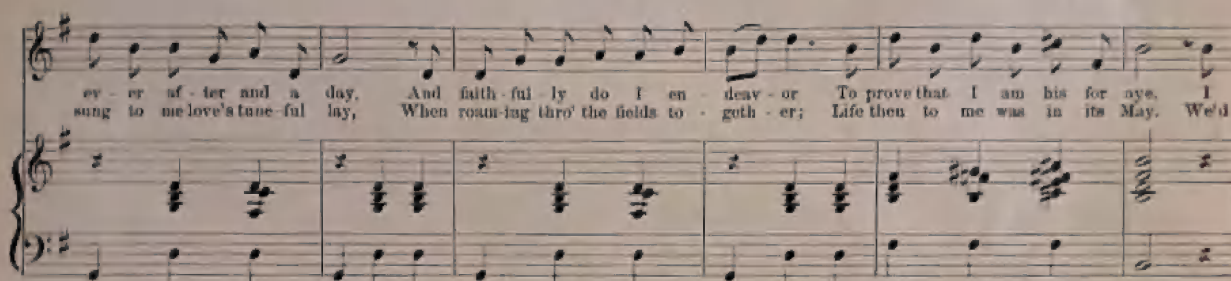
LOVE THAT IS NEAREST

MUSIC COMPOSED AND WORDS ADAPTED BY FREDERICK SOLOMON

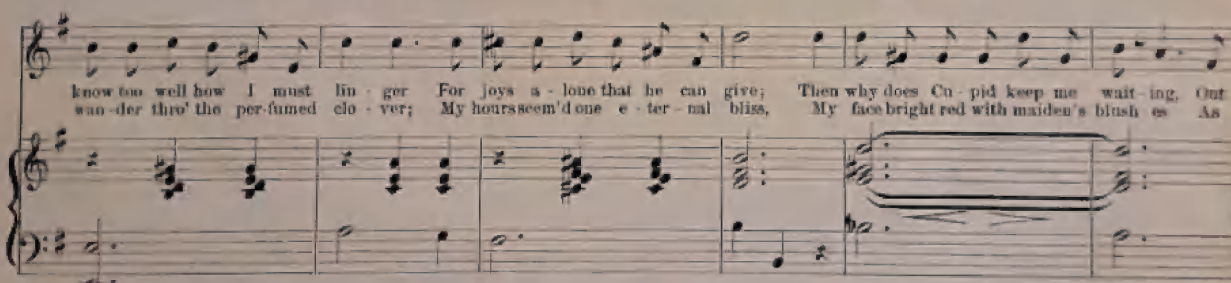
[All rights protected and reserved by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]




1. When once I love, I love for ev - er, For -
2. Long since, in summer's balm - y weath - er, He



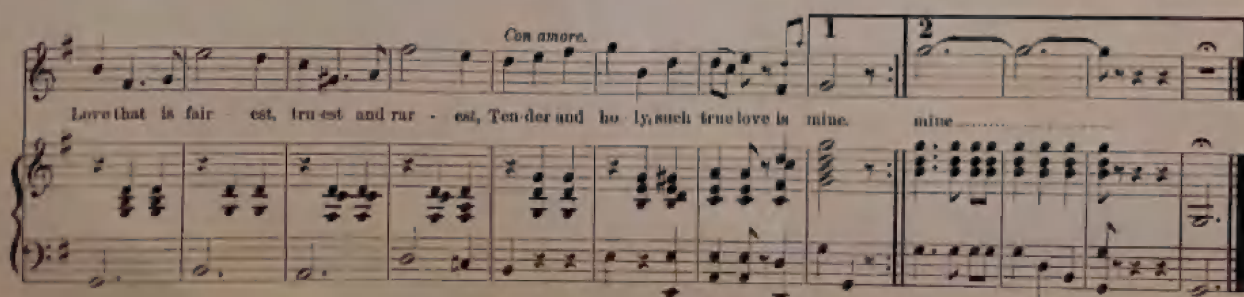
ev - er af - ter and a day, And faith - ful ly do I en - deav - or To prove that I am his for aye, I
sung to me love's tune - ful lay, When roam - ing thro' the fields to - goth - er; Life then to me was in its May. We'd



know too well how I must lin - ger For joys a - lone that he can give; Then why does Cu - pid keep me wait - ing, Out
wan - der thro' the per - fumed clo - ver; My hours seem'd one e - ter - nal bliss, My face bright red with maiden's blush es As



of love's sunshine I can't live. Love that is near - est, love that is dear - est, Oh for a word such a love to de - fine!.....
he would boldly steal a kiss.



Con amore.
Love that is fair - est, tru - est and rar - est, Ten - der and ho - ly, such true love is mine. mine.....

Dr John Gilmer Speed

THAT idea that the unthinking city people have is that no life is so wholesome and powerful as that on a farm. It is peaceful and it ought to be so, because, that under existing conditions it is not wholesome. It is too peaceful, too uneventful. The household drudge with her monotonous routine of duties that makes one day but an unpleasant repetition of every other day, if she be a woman of ambitious spirit and nervous temperament, is, under the present conditions of her surroundings, an imprisoned woman—a mind-imprisoned woman. That state produced by a dissipated condition there is no worse disease. That disease blossoms into tuberculosis and grows with every passing year until as the condition that produced it is unattended. We are used to monotonousness as a reward to the penitentiary girls used to the unvarying course of his life. We are like it no better after we are used to it than the growing like the life of a condemned man. We should not quickly be persuaded. Bless the most oppressed woman.

BAD roads contribute more than any other thing to this feeling of dissatisfaction among the young people; the departure of the young people makes farm life more tiresome and less cheery than it was before. It seems inexplicable that the American lawmakers, when these facts have been pointed out to them over and over again, should still persist in regarding the road problem as unimportant. But they do so regard it, and it is necessary before any progress can be made toward better things, to recognize that they do. When we have reached this stage we are at the point where women individually and collectively, that is, each woman acting on her own account and all women working in cooperation, can effectively assist in the solution of one of the very gravest public problems that confront the American people. The men of the present and the men of the near future must be educated to know how to guard against being burdened and hampered by the sorry roads which connect village with village and farm with farm. If the women of America will take up this work of education the lessons will be surely and profitably learned and we will not much longer be ashamed to have our country roads compared with those of other countries. And there could be no better time than this for the women of America to begin their intervention in this matter. The home is where the best lessons are learned. Let the road lesson be taken up at once.

[illegible]

By ANNA ISABEL WRIGHT

Two young women once roomed together at college in an almost hopelessly ugly apartment in which the distance from their toilet to the door seemed to be greater than the other dimensions. How to seem to lessen the height was a puzzle which taxed the resources of even these girls. But they finally solved it by lasearing around the walls at the top a straight strip of thick, canbrie, which answered for a frieze. Upon this they pasted all sorts of colored paper figures, mathematical, suggestive, and grotesque, and the effect was really admirable. Fans make a good frieze or upper wall decoration. Either the spreading kind or the round ones with handles may be used. If ceiling adornment is wanted there are four open fans of bright colors may be arranged in a circle so that their sticks all are arranged in the same centre, one at each circle being placed at each corner of the room, a foot or two from the inside of a pillar in the centre.

The college "dig" does not decorate her room. She has not time. Day and night she is at her books, and the apartment she occupies goes unadorned and undisturbed. It matters little to her how long she has to make an entrance to the dressing room at the onset of a flurry. The bow-tie stands in the second light and rack against the wall, instead of being pulled out and placed attractively corner-wise. There are no pic-

handed on the walls, no ornaments about and no cover for the glass study table. The study table carries the literature at college, and from these books are very scarce. They lean their backs on a distance from each other and leave only a limited stock of books, and these, however they have no means of reaching that sort of literature and carrying they will read. The color of walls is a nondescript, and the spaces available for pictures, the only pictures are the portraits of the unknown to the student and the only way to the library is a plain room and a small first-class table to reach up with the things required.

There is a room at college, contains simple and modern furniture of wood, oak or cherry, including bedstead, bureau, washstand, chairs, and study table, also a bookcase of set of shelves. The college girl at once notices the light from the high window by a half curtain of Madras lace, white, chosen soft and alkaline. If she wishes to be very economical she will not buy a real and ring, but procure some simple pole of slender white larch from which she suspends her curtain. It looks very pretty, too, and adds to the unity air which the room will have when she has arranged it to her liking. Next she attacks the bureau, setting it against an attractive position and a good light. If she is addicted to scribbles she will drap it over the glass. In a few lecture manuals she contrasts a bureau cover of dotted Swiss, perhaps the figures in it being worked over with colored silk to match the lining of cambric. If she is very particular she sees the Swiss carefully to the lining, but surely it is not at that college students are "cracked to death"—unless she puts it hastily together, and it answers just as well for her temporary home. Perhaps she will prefer a bureau covering of linen ornamented with drawn work or outline stitching, or a set made of dark felt with diagonal bands of contrasting plush, also draped with gold silk. Anotherward she draped over an easel, on which stand a picture, framed, if the term's allowed, will admit, if not, without. Every way it is an ornament. Some of the Florida moss and dried grasses are strung over pictures on the wall if she is clever she generally improves the pretty and inexpensive frames for her photographs, and everywhere they are in evidence.

Her books do not nearly fill the bookcase but this does not daunt her. She puts all the volumes of one side, and across the top of the case fastens a pole of birch bark of a light cane, from which she hangs a curtain to match that at the window.

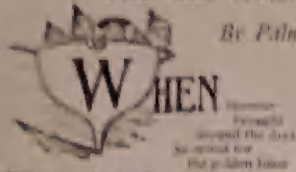
There is a vacant space by the door, which a chair does not fill. There is nothing else in the room to put there, but the inventive young woman has brought a flat-topped trunk with her. It is put in the unfilled space, the top being slightly padded, a cover of cretonne with a painted valance is put on it; two amused pillows are also covered with the same, a bag of fetts of the stuff being sewed in each corner, and behold! a neat little couch or divan. Her steamer chair is placed to match with cretonne-covered cushions and a footstool, and a headrest of the same stuff is tied on with ribbons. Over the table is spread a cloth of plain or decorated flax, and a small table scarf, and her pens, pencils, ink bottles, etc., are arranged floor-iron. Her books are placed on her fancy pen-rack, paper weight, cutter and writing tablet, if she fortunately possesses them. If the bed stands in the room she studies in the college girl covers it each morning after making it with a spread of dark cretonne or flannel, and draws slips of the same over her pillows, setting them at the ends and back of the bed. Now she has a truly luxurious lounging place. Her chairs are made comfortable with cushions and gas with ribbons, her tennis cap hangs merrily over one picture frame corner, her coat, if she be a member of some club, crosses stands against the wall, and on the broad window-seat is piled a large pitcher filled always with something from out-of-doors, daisies, field-gossamers, wild roses or a dozen leaves, each in its season, and all delightfully fragrant and reminiscent of pleasant rambles in the woods or by the mountain side.

"It must look like a junk shop," someone says contemptuously. Well, what if it does? It pleases its occupant, and she is the only one who has to live there. She likes careless comfort, and though a trifle bizarre it certainly is attractive, and seems and feels like home to her. It is her own and only resting place, and lovely in her eyes.

There is only one danger—that our college girl may get more into her room than she can properly take care of. If she has the time, and chooses, there is no objection to her occupying all or half of Saturday in sweeping, brushing off cushions, dusting pictures and ornaments, and shaking out scarfs, rugs and bed-room-covers. But it is not right to have more than she can keep clean, not so much that she has to neglect her studies or school work as that she neglects her duties to others. She must bring her room into order, so that she can hear on her own maidings. Nothing is more daintily refined than a young girl's room that is carefully cared for, but there is sometimes another and a less pleasant side to the picture.

THE BROWNIES AT NEWPORT

By Palmer Cox



WHEN moon makes golden rock the shade
 As through the town they pass on parade,
 And flaming tapers glow, bring near
 And light the scene with painted trees,
 The brownies out in evening shade
 Was coming on the door's glade.
 Said one: "That is the time of year
 When people of some means appear
 To spend of their money in town,
 Or work, perhaps, that weighs them down,
 And coming up their shoes thus seek
 For pleasure on a vacation peak.
 Or mark their steps in dance in revel
 The joys found in an ocean bowl."
 Another said: "We something know
 About this sort, for weeks ago
 We passed the track, low or more,
 (A house was visible from the shore,
 But all the same there is a charm
 About the sea that will disarm
 The rudest party that whippersnapper stand,
 Saying: 'praise the sun, but keep on land,
 So I advise without delay
 We start upon our seaward way.

Well, always secure like a good
 To start the brownies on the road,
 The miles and leagues this
 must be (round).
 However rough or well embowed
 With bumps and stones, by
 brownies bright
 Are mounted might but matters light,
 And soon the land is lost and spy
 The fashionable foot down high,
 And stand in view the building crowd
 That stretched along the famous strand
 Where shopping thousands
 through the day
 Disport themselves as best they may,
 But night it was, and they could loiter
 The right of way, and that's the most
 That brownies care for; well endowed
 Their wits are few, their spirits proud
 They betimes, and shut your door,
 And they'll not ask a favor more,
 Upon themselves be sure they'll wait,
 And think it not beneath their state,
 They'll find their way to every shelf,
 Nor ask your servant nor yourself
 To set the table, pass the cake,
 Or use the cutlery for their sake.
 Said one: "It's pleasant to abide
 In towns where care is laid aside,
 Where every thought of morrow lies
 In some sport-giving enterprise.

Here beauty reigns,
 and rises
 the hour
 While
 circling
 subjects
 own
 her
 power,
 (ere
 wealth
 and
 fashion
 tread a
 measure
 And life
 is one
 sweet
 draught
 of
 pleasure!"
 Another
 said:
 "While
 long
 we'll try



Not to a point or shady pier,
 Where few convenient things are near,
 But to some place of high estate
 Where wealthy people congregate.

The surf, that now is rolling high,
 For if I guess the time right
 We've reached the middle point of night,
 And much we brownies have to do
 Ere dawn the East
 its purple hue.
 Few minutes passed away
 before
 The band stood on the
 sandy shore.
 Now did they listen
 long with care
 To hear what waves were
 saying there
 Some threw their outer
 clothes aside,
 Some as they were
 rushed in the tide,
 And rather than be lost
 to breast
 The wave that came with
 foaming crest



To study fashion, better and prove,
 Or ride in traps and ballyhoos,
 A little quack a hint or two
 Of pleasure that are now gone.

Wet every tag and stitch of dress
 Their scanty wardrobe did possess.



More chance to find a fair supply
 Of costumes that were left to dry,
 And soon their tiny forms were lost
 Within the garments wrapped and crossed
 And gathered to take up the slack
 That showed in front and at the back,
 And at the sides and feet as well,
 Where cloth in great abundance fell.
 Sometimes the largest suit on hand
 Fell to the smallest in the band,
 And here and there he waddy fitted
 To find a robe that better fitted
 While others cared not for the size.
 But, though enveloped in the eyes,
 Were fast as pleased that happy hour
 As if it fitted like a shower.
 How fortunate are brownie kind
 Who make the most of what they find,
 And pass along their given way
 As lively as the bees in May.
 Some spent the time they had on hand
 In learning how to boldly stand
 And tread the water there with ease,
 While more it seemed to greatly please
 To lie and float upon the wave
 As buoyant as a chip or stave.
 More dived so deep they brought their head
 In contact with the ocean's bed,
 And had they not been fitted out
 To be through life well knocked about,
 But great mishaps to still survive,
 Some scarce had left the place alive.
 Thus gifted in a manner high
 By nature, well may mortals sigh

And gravely ponder on
 their fate,
 Their slighted race and
 hampered state
 The band has cause to bless
 the star
 Or planet that shed
 lustre far
 Through empty space and
 midnight shade,
 When they on earth their
 entrance made.
 No fathers fresh from
 dusty monks
 Where calicos, or shorts,
 or books,
 Engage their minds from
 day to day,
 Could plunge with such
 a great display
 Of joy into the billows
 white.
 That broke upon the beach
 that night.
 The wave that tries the
 vessel's side
 When rolling on the
 ocean wide,
 Makes oakum timbers creak
 and bend
 And sweeps the deck from
 end to end,
 Could hardly force the
 brownie band

To quit the sport they had on hand,
 Down like a fish into the swell
 The rogues would soon themselves propel,

There out of sight and would be lost
 To every friend, till wildly tossed
 Upon a cresting wave they'd rise
 To greet the rest with joyful cries.
 Could mortals but have gazed a peep
 At them while in that rolling deep,
 They would have been surprised, no doubt,
 To see the way they splashed about.
 There's not an art to swimmers known
 But cunning brownies make their own.
 They swim like dogs, and pounce like fish,
 And swim like dogs, and pounce like fish,
 Where using neither hands nor feet
 They waddle through each wave they meet.
 In ways would make a person sigh
 Who scarce could keep a nose or eye
 Above the flood, however fast
 His feet and hands through water passed.
 Said one: "To not in rapid strokes
 Or kaka behind that brownie rocks



Put all dependence, as you see,
 But in poor mortals that we
 Could freely use if no set rules.
 Were practiced in the swimming schools."
 Another said: "I'm not alone
 In water that our skill is shown.
 But on the shore or school as well,
 Or prancing horse, as shown fell,
 We hold our own in every case,
 And far excel the human race."
 Time moves along, though fingers light
 May catch it moments in their flight,
 Though back the day's hand we bring,
 Or check the purchaser's honest ring,
 The sun is far beyond our eyes
 And opens wide the gates of day.
 So even brownies don't neglect
 To pay the minutes due respect,
 But shape their actions to meet
 With time that moves so fast and true.
 That night offered many a track
 Of which the brownies long will speak,
 For many a ride and many a run
 And many they had no sport was done
 And they entered from beach and lawn
 And roadway at the flush of dawn.



MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



the first time I met Henry Esmond with his father, I was struck by a certain refinement and refinement in an aristocratic and a cultured and educated. It was long before I was fully impressed by Esmond's father, but I was struck by the refinement of his presence and from the daughter, the one member who was to me unconsciously the most important of the story. I believe, this refinement and refinement in that is thought one of the first things in the story. I do not mind saying that I thought it so myself when I was seventeen, and if I could have found a reason to be in love with one and a Lady Catherine to be in love with me I should have asked nothing else of fortune. The pleasure of Henry Esmond was all the deeper because I was reading The Spectator then, and was constantly in the company of Addison and Steele, and Swift and Pope, and all the wits at Will's, who are presented so prominently in the romance. The intensity of literary keeping, as well as the quality of the story, was in what formed the greatest fascination for me, and that effort of great world which it imparts to the reader, making him citizen, and if he will, leading citizen of it, was what helped turn me hand.

This is the basic property of all Thackeray's writings: He is himself forever dominated in imagination by the world, and even while he tells you it is not worth while he makes you feel that it is worth while. It is and the funniest man, but the mean of humor, who shines in his page; his meek folk are proudly meek, and there is a touch of superiority, a glint of frosty splendor in his lowliness. He is the master of all things, but he brings nothing different to the world, shows that its baseness, and cruelty, and heart-evil are well nigh inevitable, and for quite most of those who wish to get on in it, futile, unchangeable. He has a good word for the virtuous, he patronizes the Christian graces, he passes humbly, most on the head. He has even explosions of indignation against the material and pride of birth, and purse-wealth. But, after all, he is the world, worldly, and the highest hope he holds out in that case may be in the world and despise its ambitions while you conquer its ends.

I SHOULD be far from blaming him for all this. He was of his time; but since his time men have thought beyond him, and men live with a vision which makes his seem rather purblind. He must have been intensely in advance of most of the thinking and feeling of his day, for people then tried to achieve his sentimental pessimism of every quality, which we could hardly find in a man. It was the age of intense individualism, when you were to do right because it was becoming to you, say, as a gentleman, and you were to have an eye single to the effect upon your character if not your reputation; you were not to do a mean thing because it was wrong, but because it was mean. It was romanticism carried into the region of morals. But I had very little concern then as to that sort of error.

"I was on a very high aesthetic horse, which I could not have conveniently stooped from if I had wished - it was quite enough for me that Thackeray's novels were prodigious works of art, and I acquired merit, at least with myself, for appreciating them so keenly, for liking them so much. It must be, I felt with far less consciousness than any formulation of the feeling, exactly that, that I was of some finer sort worth it to be able to enjoy such a line work. No doubt I should have been a connoisseur of some kind, if not that kind, and I shall not be very strenuous in censoring Thackeray for his effect upon me in this way. No doubt the effect was abroad in me, and he did not so much perceive it as I did it."

In the meantime he was a vast delight to me, as much in the variety of his minor works, his *Yellowplush*, and *Letters of Mr. Brown*, and *Adventures of Major Gammon*, and the *Harry Sucker Book*, and the *Death Sketch Book*, and *The Great Humbug*, *Diabolical*, and the *Flow of Snobs*, and the *English Homocentrist*, and *The Four* and so on, and all the multitude of his other books, and various and caricatures, as in the designs of his large blivets. The most Phenomenal, and Vacuity was ascribed to Henry Esmond, and Harry

There was something in the art of the last which seemed, and still seems, the last of nearly the author's great talent. It is contrasted like no much of his work in the manuscript form, which went to the

dreams, even to the most rational, and which lends itself with such readiness to the process of the will. In these I understand it to be assigned to the life a character of such a quality that he never expresses for a moment but he is the innermost sort of gentleman and so, in fact, he was, an inward gentleman went in his day. Of course the picture is overdrawn; it was the cue of Thackeray, or of Thackeray's chief, to encourage all imitations of life and effect, so that a generation apparently much slower if not duller than ours, should not possibly miss the artist's meaning, but I do not think it is so much caricature as I feared. There is a good deal to be learned of character and conduct as it is, from this picture of a man, and, with its manifold self-revelations, and for these reasons I am inclined to think it is the most perfect creation of Thackeray's mind.

I did not make the acquaintance of Thackeray's books all at once, or even in rapid succession, and the acquirement of my catholic, not to say, fickle affections, during the years I was compassing a full knowledge and some of his greatness, and basking in reverence at his shrine. But there was a moment when he rose so outshone and overtopped all other divinities in my worship, that I was effectively his alone, as I have been the helpless and, as it were, hypnotized devotee of three or four others of the very great. From his art there flowed into me a literary quality, which tinged my whole mental substance, and made it impossible for me to say, or even wish to say, anything without giving it the literary color. That is, while he dominated my love and fancy, I had been so fortunate as to have a simple concept of anything in life, I must have tried to give that expression in it some turn, or tint that would have reminded the reader of books even before it reminded him of men. It is hard to make out what I mean, but this is a try at it, and I do not know that I shall be able to do better unless I add that Thackeray, of all the writers that I know the most, is the most thoroughly and deeply imbued with literature, so that when he speaks it is not with words and blood, but with words and ink. You may read the greatest part of Dickens, as you may read the greatest part of Hawthorne or Tolstoy, and not once be reminded of literature, or of books, or of a cult, but you can hardly read a paragraph, hardly a sentence of Thackeray without being reminded of it either by suggestion or downright allusion.

I do not blame him for this; he was himself and he could not have been in any other manner of man without loss, he was what the greatest talents are, not that which breathes of the library, but that which breathes of the street, the field, the open sky, the simple earth. I began to imitate this master of mine almost as soon as I began to read him; this must be, and I had a greater pride and joy in my success than I should probably have known in anything really creative; I should have suspected that I should have distrusted that, because I had nothing to test it by, no model; but here before me was the very finest and noblest model, and I had but to form my lines upon it, and I had produced a work of art altogether more estimable in my eyes than anything else could have been. I saw the little world about me through the lenses of my master's spectacles, and I reported its facts, in its tones and its attitude, to the half-distracted scorn, his snowy sighs, his facile satire.

And I was perfectly satisfied with the result, or that to be able to imitate Thackeray was a much greater thing for me than to have been enabled to imitate nature. In fact, I could have valued any picture of the life and character I knew only as it put me in mind of life and character as these I had shown themselves to me in my books.

At the same time, I was not only reading many other books, but I was studying to get a smattering of several languages as well as I could, with or without help. I could now manage Spanish fairly well, and I was sending on to New York for authors (at that tongue—I do not remember how I got the money to buy them; to be sure it was no great sum; but it must have been taken out of the sums we were all working so hard to make) the *Revista*, and the interest on the debt (that is, we had the wicked pinch for the debtor) I had incurred in the purchase of the newspaper which we lived by, and the house which we lived in. I spent no money on any other sort of pleasure, and so, I suppose, it was afforded me the more readily; but I cannot really recall the history of those years, for it is on its financial side. In any case, if the *Revista* had not put out in literature what it could not have even comparatively great, the excitement attending the outcome was problematic.

know that I used to write on by Moore.
 Rose, Lockwood & Sons, New York.
 For my Spanish books, and I dare say
 that my fathers were sufficiently particular
 and filled with a sanctified patriotism
 with all Spanish literature. Heaven knows
 what these men have thought, if they
 thought anything, of their queer customer
 in that obscure little village, but I
 felt no more than I have been quick to them
 than to his fellow-villagers. I am sure
 he hurried the post-office, and the time the
 books were late, and when I found one
 of them in our shop, by among a heap of
 exchange newspapers and business letters,
 my emotion was so great that it almost
 broke my breath. I hurried home with
 the book, and shut myself into my
 little den, where I gave myself up to a sort
 of rapturous joy in it. These books were
 always from the collection of Spanish
 authors published by Baubry in Paris, and
 they were in saffron-colored paper covers,
 printed full of a perfectly intoxicating
 logogue of other Spanish books, which I
 wanted to read, every one, some time.
 The paper and the ink had a certain odor which
 was sweeter to me than the perfume of
 Araby. The book of the type, and I had a
 fever of longing to know the heart of the
 book, which was like a lover's passion.
 Sometimes I did not reach its heart, but
 commonly I did. Moratin's *Origins of the*
Spanish Drama, and a large volume of
 Spanish dramatic authors, were the first
 Spanish books I sent for, but I could not
 say when I sent for them, unless it was be-
 cause I saw that there were some plays of
 Cervantes's among the rest. I read these
 and I read several comedies of Lope de
 Vega, and numbers of archaic dramas in
 perspective of the Spanish drama, which
 has now almost wholly faded from my
 mind. It is more intelligible to me why
 I should have read Conde's *Domination of*
the Moors in Spain; for that was in the
 line of my reading in Irving, which would
 account for my pleasure in the *History of*
the Civil Wars of Granada it was some
 time before I realized that the chronicles in
 it were a bundle of romances and not verifi-
 cable records; and my whole study and
 these things were wholly undirected and
 unenlightened. But I meant to be thor-
 ough in it, and I could not get satisfied
 with the Spanish-English grammars I had,
 I was not willing to ask a short of the official
 grammar of the Spanish Academy. I
 took it to New York for it, and my book-
 seller there reported that they would have
 to send to Spain for it. I lived till it came
 to hand through them from Madrid; and I
 do not understand then why I did not per-
 chuse from the pride and joy I had in it.

BUT, after all, I am not a Spanish scholar, and can neither speak nor write the language. I never got more than a good reading use of it, perhaps because I never tried for more. Still, I am very glad that, because it has been a great pleasure to me, and even some profit, and it has lighted up many meanings in literature, which must have always remained dark to me. Not to speak now of the modern Spanish writers whom it has enabled me to know in their own houses as it were, I had even in that remote day a rapturous delight in a certain Spanish book, which was well worth all the pains I had undergone to get at it. This was the famous picaresque novel, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, by Hualdo de Mendoza, whose name then so familiarized itself to my fondness, that now as I write it I feel as if it were that of an old personal friend whom I had known since the flesh. I believe it would not have been so comfortable to know Mendoza outside of his house; he was rather a terrible person; he was one of the Spanish invaders of Italy, and in the Italian history as the Tyrant of Siena. But at my distance of time and place I could not revel in his friendship, and as an author I certainly found him a most charming companion. The adventures of his rogue of a hero, who began life as the servant and accomplice of a blind beggar, and then adventured on through a most diverting career of knavery, brought back the atmosphere of Don Quixote, and all the landscape of that dear wonder-world of Spain, where I had lived so much, and I followed him with all the old delight.

I do not know that I should counsel others to do so, or that the general reader would find any account in it, but I am sure that the intelligent student of American fiction would do well to study the Spanish picturesque novels; for in their simplicity of design he will find one of the best forms for an American story. The intrigue of class texture will never suit our conditions, which are so loose and open and variable; each man's life among us is the romance of the Spanish model, if it is the life of a man, and it has risen, as we nearly all have, to many ups and downs. The story of *Lazarillo* is as true in its facts, and mostly so in its feelings, as any novel; and the fiction is in all languages before our times; but there is an honest simplicity in the narration, a pervading humor, and a rich feeling for character that give it value. I think that a good deal of its usefulness

[illegible]

I AM quite at a loss to know why my reading had this direction or that in those days. It had necessarily passed beyond my father's suggestion, and I think it must have been largely by accident or experiment that I read one book rather than another. He made some sort of a new paper arrangement with a book-store in Cleveland, which was the means of enriching our home library with a goodly number of books, shoptroves, but none the wiser for that, and new in the only way that books need be new to the lover of them. Among these I found a treasure of a Howards, two books, the Nile Notes of a Howards, and the Howards in Syria. I already knew him by his Potiphar Papers, and the ever-delightful reveries which have since grown under the name of True and I; but these books of Eastern travel opened a new world of thinking and feeling. They had at once a great influence upon me. The smooth richness of their diction, the amiable sweetness of their mood, their gracious caprice, the delicacy of their satire (which was so kind that it should have some other name), their abundance of light and color, and the deep heart of humanity underlying their driest fantasy, all united in an effect which was different from any I had yet known. As usual, I steeped myself in them, and the first running of my fancy when I began to pour it out afterwards wore of their flavor. I tried to write like this new master; but whether I had tried or not, I should probably have done so from the love I bore him. As I have hinted, he was already a favorite of mine, and of all the young people in the village who were reading current literature, so that on this ground at least I had abundant sympathy. The present generation can have little notion of the deep impression made upon intelligence and conscience of the whole nation by the Potiphar Papers, or how its fancy was rapt with the True and I sketches. These are among the most veritable literary successes we have had, and probably we who were so glad when the author of these beautiful things turned aside from the flowery paths where he led us, to battle for freedom in the field of politics, would have felt the sacrifice too great if we could have dreamed it could be life long. But, as it was, we could only honor him the more, and give him a place in our hearts which he shares with Longfellow alone.

THIS divine poet I have never ceased to read. His *Hymn to the Lake Shore* winters, but all the other poems were old friends with me by that time. With a sister who is no longer living I had a peculiar devotion for his pretty and touching and lightly humorous tale of Kavanagh, which was of a village life enough like our own, in some things, to make us know the truth of its delicate realism. We used to read it and talk it fondly over together, and I believe some stories of like make and manner grew out of our pleasure in it. They were never finished, but it was enough to begin them, and there were few writers, if any, among those I delighted in who escaped the tribute of an imitation. One has to begin that way, or at least one had in my day; perhaps it is not possible for a young writer to begin by being himself, but for my part, that was not half so important as to be like some one else. Literature, not life, was my aim, and to reproduce it was my joy and my pride.

I was seeking my knowledge of it helplessly and involuntarily, and I was always changing upon some book that served this end among the great number of books that I read merely for my pleasure without any real result of the sort. Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature came into my hands not long after I had finished my studies in the history of the Spanish theatre, and it made the whole subject at once luminous. I cannot give a due notion of the comfort this book afforded me by the light it cast upon paths where I had dimly made my way before, without much sense, but which I now followed in the full day.

W. D. Howells

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

*III—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whiting



EARLY FRIENDS: It has been the fashion with certain friends to put a pen-ink to their stated habit of some current or casual suggestion, of which they would disclaim themselves, or by whose means they would touch a passing mood or mood, before taking up the solid earnest of their regular subjects. These impromptu bits will do across our most orderly progression of thought, feeling, action; sometimes, perhaps, they are worth setting at the critical instant by the spryly sprinkling of a little ready salt upon their tails.

I WAS just about to sit down and take up my tale of books when I left it last time when I was called to look at a light tower—door which a carpenter was hanging for me at the head of a staircase. The high space overhead had been filled with pretty paneled, the door itself having a glass panel at the top. Now, the moment I glanced at it I saw, and said, "That glass is not set evenly. It is nearer the top on one side than the other. It makes the whole thing look askew." Then the carpenter arose in his reticence of square and level and explained unto the warden: "It couldn't be helped. You see, me, the ceiling above isn't quite level. I had to make my panels square, and when I came to the door, and made my measures from edge and edge—four inches and five-eighths top and bottom—it came so. It had to come somewhere—can't crowd glass, you know." It is just three sixteenths of an inch out of level at the top, as you say, but "won't be possible to help it, and I guess nobody else will notice it." "I shall notice it as long as I live in the house," I answered with the severe persistence of a warden. "I shall have to hang a curtain over it. Why wasn't everything square from the beginning?" And I walked away thinking my own words over.

Things weren't quite level at the beginning, and the difference had to come somewhere. If I could make that a lesson in life beforehand to you girls, I wouldn't care for my out-of-plumb glass light. It would even be a pleasant thing to look at, thinking that by recompense some little initial crookedness, and after inbornness might be spared in some woman's lifetime. Set your beams of character true: cover them in every stage of work and shaping of use or ornament, with evenness, perpendiculars and levels; and then, whatever in growth of building follows and depends, will be true fitted to the true; nothing can go awry. Otherwise, there must come and show somewhere an ugliness, a falseness; your house will have a visible, telltale flaw in it. That is what out of plumb means.

EVERYTHING we do is a part of house building, as talking of that is not talking aside from anything. A little more about it will bring us to where our concern with books comes in again. "House" is one of the great words of the Word; it signifies dwelling and dwelling place. Life building is the framing of the "house not made with hands," the habitation that endures. Every individual builds his own; from threshold to gate and ridgepole, all his work, act, motive go gradually into it; it is his, and he is to abide in it. The congregation of the houses of them who have built into eternal life—the beautiful communicating ways and neighborly ways among them—are the homes and societies of the blessed; they are the Heavenly city and the golden streets.

We are put here to begin from the foundations, which must be laid in the earth, yet of the solid, piled, cemented rock. Exact to the horizon must be set the sills; straightly perpendicular must rise the corner posts toward the zenith; parallel between must be planted every stud from stage to stage of the upgrowing; level must be the cross-beams, joists and girders, at perfect angles must join the beams, rafters and ridgepole—to complete the frame in symmetry and righteousness. The rock will underneath be truth. The timbers are the principles that rest upon it, that shape and define, span, support. They settle what the house is to be in form, capacity, proportion. You cannot go beyond them, or aside from them, in any other case or finish. You cannot make a chamber in the house that is not first underlaid and pulsed with them. They fashion your ideal, measure out your plan. A life without fixed, substantial principles is not a house. It may be a mud hovel, a tent, a cabin. The log-cabin, perhaps, stands type of sturdy beginnings of principles only, whose fittings and decorations had to wait. They were better than form and finish only without foundation: paper houses, pasteboard boxes.

* Mrs. Whiting's former letters appeared in the January, February, May, and May, 1934.

DOORWAYS and window-ways. Will you not make these on the sunny east (perhaps toward the building, most beautiful outlooks). You will not want your house to the latter end, or against a cold, shadowing, overglooming hillside. Your own meanings and outgoings, your welcoming entrances for friends, shall be cheerful and sheltered in pleasant southwest nooks, under protecting porches, and the windows, the openings forth for eye and thought, the takings in of wide world pictures and of Heaven gleams—oh, these shall be always on the fairest sides, where there are the broadest, grandest scopes of earth and sky. The best light must come by the gladdest vision must reach out, by them. Are not these once more our readers? Are we not back again, naturally, to written words, as chief, perhaps, as typical, at least, among them?

BOOKS are as windows, set north, east, west, south, in the house we have to stay in. We are walled and limited in whatever earthly habitation, but there are embrasures and easements, through which we may command great stretches of the world beyond—see not upon wide waters or shapes of grand, distant hills; at least, behold the blue above and the greenness close around; or, if nothing else, the walls that hold neighbors' lives, and have also doors and windows. There is human movement, human event, there is first light and lamplight that disclose pleasant interiors; there are shadows on the blinds; sometimes there is a moving candle in the deep night, or the dim, low shining in a sick-room. Sometimes, alas! and yet not all, alas, but with some rose of hope and sweetness twisted in—there is creep upon the door.

And there is something strange and magical about those windows, whose clear panes are sheets of lettered paper. Once opened forth they multiply their lights; the frames are flexible; the walls themselves give way and lend more space; a little million with rows and tiers of added translucent plates, through which, by magnifying and telescopic power—for some of them are mighty lenses—we see far, strange things and people, hidden places, alien characters, remote conditions, brought close and made minutely visible. Nay, even the very stars come down, and arctic solitudes reveal themselves, and we scan the inmost thought and reason of men's minds in age-long sequence. But these, indeed, are "other stories."

HOW much we know of Swedish, German, Russian life that was all undeclared to us fifty years ago! How we penetrated, long since, into London slums—that foretold to us what was coming among ourselves, to be our own work and problem—and into queer, cosmopolitan middle and lower class nature and habit—yes, and into meaner vulgarities and absurdities of high place also—that were patent enough, but only half recognized till Dickens and Thackeray threw their searchlights upon them! Such windows have been opening ever since, and our factory village, a mining camp, a far-off ranch, a fisher's island, a mountain settlement, an exclusive elegance, that has not been made free to us, explicitly shown, thrown wide for our entrance and scrutiny.

WE have lived through every strong epoch by the swift turning of this leaves. Books are to history what the long-distance telephone is to intercourse of speech. Imaginative annals group periods and nationalities in their series. "Give us Scandinavia," we say, for instance, and behold, Scandinavia has been made near and homely to us in literature that has come to our reach since I can remember. It began to be known and talked of in fragments, here in America, when I was young.

The first recollection I have of it is Frahm's "Saga." Somebody gave me that, as quite a thing to know of and read, in my early teens. I did not care a bit about it then. The old Icelandic and Norwegian myth was too far off for me, and Tegner's poetizing was beyond my appreciation. [The same friend, by the way, used to ask me, deliberately, to "give him something from 'Trovatore,' or a sonnet of Beethoven's—the 'Pathétique.'"] By example—in piano recital, when I had only got as far, by the simple tuition of the day for beginners, as little two strains—melancholy the "Swiss Waltz" and "The Campbell's are Comedies"—that used to make my family circle chide me deprecatingly that the venerable old Scotch ballad would kindly by the other thing. But I bravely did the best I could with the "Saga"; taking the musical prescription as I might a pharmaceutical one, "for my good," and in like manner got a certain reward and benefit. The tonic roused a relish in me.

AND the song story was always as a whiff and sense of strange scenes and old, craggy nature that came again afterward to flavor the delight in quaint, strong, atmospheric brushed through tale and scene from Sweden, Norway, Denmark. I remember, from Sweden, Arnheim's in Mrs. Carlin's, fourteenth-century tales in the works of Swedish poets that have found their way to our shores, in those rugged, calm and waves, Miss Martineau's, especially, in "Fate on the Fjord"; and in the vigorous, sweet, hereditary humanness of to-day, given us through Marguerite Hovitz's bright record of her "Twelve Months in Sweden"; Edna Lyall's noble delineation of "A Hardy Norseman"; and the romance of the Northern isles. Once gather a few bits like these in memory and fancy, and there is not a window broken through that never shall be mended again? They have made us thus much more cosmopolitan for having read them. They afford us with all the grand life that came to our own shores with Leif Eriksson and his comrades, and prepare us to acknowledge and comprehend our link with it in far-back New England history and tales.

Another group reveals to us old Germany, ranging its pictures all along the line of time, until they overtake and blend themselves with modern showings, contemporaneous with ourselves, but different by all that came down the years out of ancient forests and tribal barbarisms, through strife and hardship, and stern, uncompromising revolutions and reforms, to make a people of a grand, deep nature, and teach their daily ways with a ray of primitive wisdom all their own. It was in the early days of our War of the Rebellion that we read "The Schöenberg-Cotta Family." I remember how two or three of us sat one summer afternoon—and one of us was the lovely and talented author of "The Lamp-lighter"—at a village sewing meeting, where work for the Sanitary Commission was being done, and talked over the thoughts and incidents of that old Reformation time, when Luther was nailing his theses to the cathedral doors, and at quiet, humble firesides the great kindling of the true Gospel Word had begun to lighten and warm where hearts and homes had suffered and waited, doubted and stretched forth and declare that the Truth of God was given to all; when bits of the New Testament were treasured in secret, and people tremblingly and eagerly compared the church decrees and dogmas with the simple arts and utterances of the Christ. To enter into that remote, yet intimate experience, was to begin again with Christian revelation, to receive it in its first glad freshness. The old words stood forth in picture glory. We turned to our Bibles, as if we had just got them, to see what they really meant, and had for us. It was a story we could do. Ardent we followed afterward in all of Mrs. Charles' books that came, her illustrations of history in home and individual incidents.

LATER we have had the fascinating volumes of Lucy Ellen Guernsey's "Lady Rosamond's Book," "Lady Betty's Gossamer," "Through Unknown Ways," "Loveday's History," and the rest, which, if any of you have not read, you have an unexplored delight awaiting you, a vision of the past in which you will deliciously lose the present, and your own identity; you will live a great, strong life of earnest, inmost realities.

In this same order of literature are the fine works of Mrs. Barr. She gives us, in a like way, atmosphere, representation, immediate touch. She makes us part and parcel with everything—with courtly ways and folk, or among rude, simple foster people; she puts our very hearts into the place and emotion of theirs; her realism thrills all through with human character and passion; she ties us fast in her enchantment with a "Bow of Orange Ribbons." And Mrs. Austin! Why, we are all Plymouth Rock Pilgrims, or Pilgrims' kith and kin, whether our forefathers and mothers came over in the Mayflower or not, when we get into her marvelous chapters of Old Colony record, transcribed into living, every-day words and deeds in their particulars: from the deaths and burials, the betrothals and weddings, the battles and bittings and escapes, to merry Barbara Stanish's quips and gibes, and fair Dame Alice Bradford's stately, simple, beautiful entertainments. I must not leave out, in these rapid and rather rambling mentions, a set of stories, most delightful in their reproduction of English life in the last century—in the days of hopes and patches, and gay river parties, and landings, and hazardous stage-coach journeys, and hospitalities of dear old smug, and love-making in their country homes and trim, sweet gardens—the books of Mrs. Manning, who wrote "The House of Mr. Thomas More," "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," also "The Old Chelsea Bun House." The Ladies of Bever Hills. "Mrs. Clara's Singleheart," and a dozen others. Look them out if you do not know them; if you do, read them over and over again.

THE very crowd stops me; the list is endless! The windows look so many ways. Last types and leaders take the King's and Miss Young, with their clear portraits of epoch, character, environment; George Eliot, and one even Helen Hunt, with their "Romola" and "The Handmaid"; their searching demonstrations of mind; their searching demonstrations of life and turning points, and principles of and laws in the careers of nations and of men; Martin Crockett giving us, with versatile power, Christianism, interior Italy, modern America; Harriet Beecher Stowe, prophetic and compassionate quiver of prophetic and compassionate quiver of the grandest gospel a nation ever rose up to and wrought out, Miss Mulock, Charlotte Brown, a quiver in characterization, keen in vision, standing each apart in her own preoccupied world of genius; Jean Ingelow, sweet and fresh, strong and tender, in prose that to me with her perfect poetry, take the long line of moral writers, who must for us, in waves, tapestries, meet with strict and find in every detail, all that exultantly and vividly delights us in the manner and doing of that last old century that seems so far remote, and down through the booming, rushing hundred years that have plunged us into the tumultuous new. Catherine, Richardson, Mrs. Opper, Mrs. Barrett, Miss Austen, Miss Milford, William and Mary Howell, Thackeray, Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Howells, Aldrich, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Jewett and Miss Williams, inimitable in their handling of the peculiarities, unique upon the planet of our New England books and people; take the domestic and religious novelists: Miss Young again, Miss Sewell, MacDonald, with his heart held and insistence of God and man relations, grand and intimate; the delicate life sketches of Juliana Ewing, Mrs. Mallesworth, Barre—with nature and pathos in them so single-deep that you can only by the same deep simplicity apprehend them; bright, true, tender have Holme; Mrs. Gilman; Mrs. Kirkland, limner of old, kindly Southern plantation life, and of brave, cheery pioneering in our rich, wild, early West; Mrs. Charlesworth, with her "Minister's Children"; dear Mrs. Prentiss' "Stepping Heavenward"; our growing host of American women writers—dear girls, it is simply impossible for me even to summarize; the libraries are full, turn in, as to a rich garden, fall to, and find your own! Only keep your mistle high, and taste not, nor even touch the fruit of any tree that blossoms with knowledge of evil!

BOOKS for amusement! They are far more than amusement. They are for vital sympathies and understandings, human thought to human thought, hope to hope, motive to motive. Life, and the world of life is the secret of all interest, the universe key, in things, events, persons, scriptures. We, and all about us, are syllables of an infinite revelation. They may tell it evolution for a new name, if they will, but it is what God tells us of ourselves and Him, all the same. He talks to us with His fingers, because we are dead and dumb, in His creation and orderings, in our very own nature, aspirations, efforts. Our words and parables grow from His vaster signs and meanings, and utter our individual perceptions. All language, all communication, is but legendary, drawn from first language, which is that, whatever "lay unto day utterly speech, and night unto night somewhat knowledge," and in which all things are told in parables, even to the parable of human experience. Imagination is not sensuality. It is a knowing of the true. Faith itself is an imaging, but none the less an evidence. "That is your conception," declares you, "it is not mine." Very well. That does not make out mine a delusion. You have not got it, that is all. Knowledge of some sort precedes, underlies, imagination. You can conceive of nothing that you have not, in whole or in part, witnessed or experienced. You cannot even picture to yourself a scene described which if you analyze it, does not resolve itself into homely familiar; you cannot see a house, a room, in a story, except as you construct it from something you have known; you children's make from the fiction to the room, the house. "Why, here I am, where I have really been! The place always turns into one I know before!" You simply cannot imagine an unreal thing. If it is thinkable it is true, somewhere. And so I see imagination is founded on all the realities we have. It is the mirrored reflection. The world we are being born into is that from which we read and reason in the things we see. Another man, with John on Patmos, would have seen only ragged rocks and misty sea, where the Apostle, "in the Spirit," beheld all the awful panorama of the Apocalypse.

Believe me in all that I have said and written. Yours truly, A. D. T. Whiting.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

By Helen Jew

A

As soon as the young housewife has installed her household gods in her new home she longs in good old scriptural fashion to call together her friends and neighbors to rejoice with her. Just exactly how she shall celebrate "the hanging of the crane," however, is a problem. She may give a large reception, and so establish a clearing-house for all social obligations, or she may from time to time entertain a few friends in the new home. While circumstances must, of course, control individual action, still there are a few general rules which may be safely followed by all young housewives. A little thought, for instance, will convince the most ambitious that a large reception so soon after the formal marriage festivities will not give as much satisfaction as a few smaller social functions arranged with tact and originality. While few can analyze the charm attaching itself to bridal gifts and the transience of the happy young wife, all women at least have felt its force. To see and to handle the dainty household furnishings and the wonderful creations of the milliner and milliner are pleasures which no girl in a normal condition can surrender without a pang.

The hostess, then, who wishes to give the greatest amount of enjoyment to her betrothed friends will entertain them in such a manner that they can peer into every nook and corner of the pretty, new home and that over the gifts and fancy-work to their heart's content.

A LUNCHEON for the bridesmaids and most intimate friends is a very satisfactory form of entertaining. If most of the guests—as very often is the case in these days of college education—were schoolmates of the bride it is a very tactful thing to confine the class flower with the favorite blossoms of the bride in the floral decorations, especially those used for the table. In this way the "days' lang syne" are gracefully recognized in the new home life, and old ties strengthened instead of weakened. As far as possible, the young housewife should aim at absolute purity in her table furnishings, and avoid the vulgar use of colored silk, satin or unwashable lace. No matter what fancy fashion notes have to say about the use of ribbon boxes and streamers dangling in and out of rows of smiles, the most dainty tables are covered with cloths of heavy white damask and dotted with linen embroidered in white or some delicate tint of wash silk. A low, silver epergne containing growing ferns or cut flowers in the centre of the table, and four silver Empire candlesticks or small lamps, one at each corner, are all the decorations necessary. The shades of these lights should match the flowers in the epergne in color and should always have a wax protectors. These soften the glow of the outer covering of silk or creped paper and prevent the disagreeable incident of a burning shade, which is altogether too common a feature of the ordinary luncheon.

THE following is an excellent menu for a luncheon, and one which will not make too great demands upon the skill and resources of the inexperienced housewife:

Little Neck Clams on the half shell
Bouillabaisse or Clear Soup
Mashed Potatoes or Chicken Patties
Lamb Chops with Green Peas
Lettuce, or Vegetable Salad
Crackers and Coffee
Ice Cream and Cake

This may, of course, be greatly elaborated, but it is as it stands easily prepared and served. The fish dealer will send the clams ready to be served, while a caterer can furnish the bouillabaisse, patties, ice cream and cake. In this way it will be possible for one maid to attend to the other details of the meal and wait upon the table. Appropriate and dainty place cards may be made of water-color paper, heavy white vellum or kid with these words of Longfellow's in silver lettering outlined upon them:

"Oh, husband, sit, happy day,
While a new household finds its place
Among the myriad haunts of earth."

"To my new abode would be sufficient,"
And smile on both."

"How good a dinner such one suppers,
And smile on both."

or this paraphrase of an old song:

"Now I am married
I can count the days."

ANY woman accustomed to the use of the brush can easily make these cards her own. If necessary it is to be closely considered these place cards may be made to do double duty as favors by making them in the form of handkerchiefs, covered with kid, to match the flowers in color, with the lettering on one lid and the name of the guest on the other. The tops of old ankle gloves can be utilized for the purpose, although scraps of the material can be purchased for a trifle at the shops where gloves or slippers are made. Very dainty favors to stand at each plate are miniature cranes with pendant feathers holding the flowers chosen for decoration. If these are not desired little satin-covered slippers may be substituted, or photographs of the "single side" of the new home tied to cottage bonnets. While boxes or baskets of bonbons may be used with propriety, still, favors of flowers are always in better taste. Souvenirs of greater value have long since been relegated to the blind followers of vulgar extremes.

WHERE a luncheon is too much of an undertaking for the young housewife an afternoon card party or musicale may be arranged in its place. For either of these affairs sandwiches, salads, ices, coffee and cake are all the refreshments necessary. Ices, cake and coffee may be served without the more substantial edibles if desired. If a card party is the choice of the hostess "hearts" will be the most enjoyable game. The tally cards may be cut in heart shape, and the ices and little cakes moulded in the same form. A heart-shaped silver pin-tray makes a dainty first prize, and "a new broom," in the shape of a silver-handled velvet brush, is pretty for the second. After the games or programme are finished the maid should place large plate doilies on the little tables scattered through the parlor, and two tiny dishes, one holding olives, if salads are served, the other bonbons. The other refreshments can then be easily served. After they have been eaten a large tray holding bunches of roses may be passed to each guest.

THE ushers and best man and other bachelor friends of the husband are most pleasantly introduced to the new home by means of a little dinner. A reception is a great bore to most men, and they flee from the afternoon tea as from a pestilence, but as a class they enjoy the bright chat of the dinner table followed by a cozy smoke. In giving such a dinner the young hostess should remember the advice of the ancients: "In asking mortals to dine with you never invite less than the Graces nor more than the Muses." Any number of guests, then, between three and nine, will insure one condition of a successful dinner. The crowding of a table is not only uncomfortable, but the average housewife does not begin her housekeeping with large enough supplies of table furnishings to successfully meet the demands of many guests. This dinner may be given to the bridal party, including the bridesmaids, or to the most intimate friends, as circumstances may decide. It is always, however, considered an unwritten law of etiquette that the young wife shall in some way entertain the members of the bridal party together in her new home at as early a date as possible after her return from her wedding trip.

FOR such a dinner the following menu is simple and easily prepared although it may be greatly elaborated, granted that the silver and china closets can stand the strain upon their resources:

Little Neck Clams on the half shell
Scallop Potatoes
Soft Shell Crabs or Boiled Salmon with Tartare Sauce
Roast Chicken or Fillet of Beef
Mashed Potatoes or Green Peas
Salad of Tomatoes or Asparagus
Cheese and Crackers
Ice Cream
Black Coffee

The hostess should quietly indicate to each gentleman the lady he is expected to take out to dinner before the dinner is served. Place cards may be like those used for the luncheon, or plain white squares with this lettering:

"His heart speaks to heart at one's own friends."

Favors are unnecessary with the exception of large corsage bouquets, if it is possible to obtain them, the same flowers that were used at the wedding. Have bouquets of the same flower for the gentlemen. The table decorations may properly correspond in color with those used at the wedding.

A white dinner is both appropriate and dainty, and furnishes an effective background for the display of the new silver.

If the young housewife wish to have a gorgeous, old-fashioned "house warming" it may be given in place of these simpler functions. I have spoken of her in advance of them. In either case, however, it takes to give the affair an informal character. The house should be thrown open from attic to cellar, so that all friends who feel inclined may inspect its treasures. Friends of all ages should be invited, and the occasion made to resemble the old-time evening party, over the decadence of which as time so much is passing. The hearth or open fireplace should be decorated with wreaths or bolls according to the season of the year. A fire of logs or coals should be laid ready for lighting, and as early as light in the evening as possible the guests should be asked to witness the formal kindling of the household fire. This may be done by an older relation, generally of the house husband's family, or by the clergyman who officiated at the wedding. In any case the clergyman may, with the greatest propriety, be asked to follow the quaint German fashion and bless the hearth of the new home, to which, as the old German proverb says, "The Lord is hidden as a guest."

If the new housewife are musical the house warming may be restricted and called "the opening of the piano." In this event the new piano, generally included among the gifts of a marriage bride, becomes the centre of attraction. It may be turned with its face toward the wall and the back covered either with a curtain of brocade or a screen of flowers and vines. Large bowls of roses or palms may be placed among the lighted candles or small flower lamps on the top of the instrument. The lid should remain closed until the friend to be especially honored opens it formally, generally with a few words of kindly greeting to the new home. A musical programme may then be rendered, followed later by a little supper.

IN addition to these more formal affairs the young housewife will often be called upon to entertain guests for a few days at a time or for longer periods. She will add much to her future happiness if, as soon as her home is ready to receive her friends, she will provide herself with a guest book, in which each stranger within her gates shall be asked to write his name and the date of his visit, with some acknowledgment in the shape of a sentiment or characteristic comment upon some event in the home life. In the years to come such a book grows priceless and becomes one of the most treasured possessions of the household. It revives tender memories and accumulates autographs which the years increase in value. No one will ever speak of the incentive to conversational powers of the souvenir spoon who has had the good fortune to chat with some bright hostess over the pages of her guest book. The housewife who is obliged to have such a book made to order, as there are none in the market. It should be gotten up after a glorified similitude of the hotel register, with the name of the family and the date of the establishment of the home in gilt lettering upon the lid. If any more elaborate inscription is desired the following line from Pope is appropriate:

"Absent or dead will be a friend to dear,"
or, better still perhaps, this verse from the old Scotch song:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of lang syne?"

or by the following:

"I want myself in nothing else so happy
As in a good remembering my good friends."

An inexpensive substitute for this more elaborate book may be found in one of the blank book generally used by lawyers.

If the portrait of the husband or wife is added to the store of household treasures the unveiling of the same may be made the occasion for the exercise of graceful hospitality. Appropriate songs and recitations may be rendered by friends or professional elocutionists and musicians, and a few dainty refreshments served. Such an affair may take place either in the afternoon or evening.

The conclusion of the whole matter is perhaps this. The young housewife, that would have her home an inspiration and a joy to all who enter it must not blindly follow the ways of others, but study to be original in her methods of entertaining. She should have her home a creation rather than a copy. Above all, she should not forget to entertain strangers, those to whom life has not been kind. The members of the unions and guilds for whom she is working, as well as the boys and girls from her class in the mission school, should not be excluded from the new fireside. It is impossible to commute the far-reaching blessings of hospitality when exercised by a tender-hearted, good woman. If she will, she can make her home a haven of rest to all who enter its doors. That bride is sure to have a happy home who holds that home in trust as one of the gifts for the use of which she must give an account.

A Simple Supper

for the little ones, always retailed, and very economical, is a bowl of French made of

Armour

Extract of BEEF

with crackers or bread broken into it. Use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of the Extract to each pint of water. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet.

We have a little book of "Culinary Wrinkles," which is to be had for the asking. Send name and address to:

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Served ICED,

is
Delicious,
Refreshing,
and
Invigorating



CHOCOLAT MENIER is the correct formula for preparing CHOCOLAT-MENIER. Take one of the following recipes: (a) Dissolve in 1 tablespoon of water, 1 ounce of chocolate, 1 ounce of sugar, 1 ounce of milk, and 1 ounce of cream. (b) Dissolve in 1 ounce of water, 1 ounce of chocolate, 1 ounce of sugar, 1 ounce of milk, and 1 ounce of cream. Put it on ice until cold, and serve.

Chocolate-Menier—*Vanilla Chocolate*—must be exclusively used.

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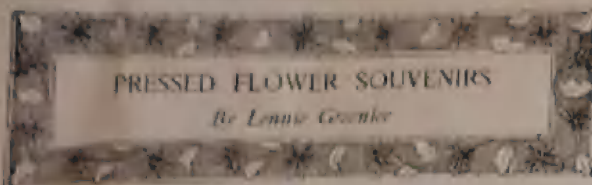
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PRESSED FLOWER SOUVENIRS

By Louise Coleman



IN this month's age, when fourth is the standard for judging all beauty, in art or nature's work, pale pressed flowers cannot possibly be considered even with faintest pallor or color. If pressed carefully, so that the outlines were natural and the coloring unimpaired, flowers, ferns and grasses, really very beautiful, and have, besides the natural, their "gemminess," as well as the value of association with places and people, to recommend them. When pressed between sheets of blotting paper, motion being, of each between old newspapers, delicate street press, fruit, dainty herbage, daisies, violets, pansies, poppies, poppies, lilies of the valley and sprays of other flowers retain their color wonderfully well. The cotton or paper absorbs their moisture and excludes the air, and many of the blossoms are as brilliant when taken out of the press as when first put. Flowers to be used for this purpose should be gathered about noon, when there is least moisture about them, and put immediately and carefully to press, arranging them naturally and not too thickly on sheets of paper. Put on a heavy, even weight, and do not disturb the flowers until dry, unless they are thick and succulent, and such flowers are not recommended for pressing, as they are apt to mold and lose their color, but if they tempt you into pressing you will need to change your sheets of blotting paper every few days. Such pretty things as golden-rod, wavy, grains of all sorts, and grasses, retain their color without pressing, but are in better shape for use upon cards, calendars, envelopes, books, etc., if pressed. When dry and firm in texture the flowers should be laid carefully away in a box, between sheets of blotting paper, until needed for making some pretty gifts or souvenirs.

SOUVENIR CARDS

PRETTY souvenir cards, to be kept in memory of any day, place or occasion, or to be given to a friend, may be made from plain bevel-edged white cards, large enough to hold a dainty spray of pressed flowers tied with a narrow ribbon in one corner. A drop or two of mullage will hold in place the leaves and lighter sprays which trail gracefully in a diagonal direction across the top, leaving space in the centre of the card upon which to write the signification of the flower used. Take, for instance, a knot of clover blossoms and grasses, and tie them through a corner of the card with narrow, pale green ribbon; then in the centre write or print in fancy letters the word "Faith," the signification of grasses. Or, tie a scarlet clover blossom in with several four-petaled leaves and write beneath "Joy Luck," "Good Luck," "Bon Voyage," or some such phrase. On the back of the card a quotation or verse descriptive of the flower used might be written. You will find dozens of them in your reading; clip them and put them away with the flowers. "Delicate pleasures" is the significance given the sweet pea, and nothing can be prettier for cards than the odd, silvery green leaves, curling tendrils and exquisitely-colored blossoms of the sweet pea. Pansies, violets, daisies and arbutus, every one will immediately think of as good for use in this way, and there is a world of sentiment and fancy connected with them. Take, for instance, the pansy:

"Pansies for thoughts."
"I send thee pansies, flowers of remembrance."
"My thoughts of gold."
"Here's pansies, that's for thoughts."

Hosts of complimentary things have been sung and said by famous people about the violet. The finest one, from Shakespeare—may his shade not haunt me—I once mutilated in this way:

"Violets blue, so truly, die
But sweeter than the latest June's eyes
Or a flower's breath."

I have not often seen nasturtiums and poppies used on such cards, but they are extremely picturesque and pretty. The nasturtium stands for bravery; the poppy for "what-come-or-trialty"; I betook me of somebody's lines:

"Poppies are like poppies opened,
You make the flower, the flower is dead."

The thin, silken texture of poppy petals makes them press unusually well.

The writing upon these cards should be neatly and plainly done in black ink, metallic paint, or with liquid gold.

DAINTY LUNCHEON CARDS

A LITTLE girl who was lucky in finding four-leaved clovers once obtained some pretty and original cards for her mother's lunch party. The leaves were picked and pressed in her books on her way to and from school, and were afterward mounted with the white of egg upon large correspondence cards. Notice of the cards were arranged alike. Usually there would be one large leaf and several smaller ones on each card—all put on in a dainty, graceful way, sometimes scattered, sometimes looking as if growing from the foot. The guests' names were done in green water-color or painted in rustic letters, and shown in one corner of the cards, in smaller letters, there was always some pretty quotation or proverb such as the following:

"Better be born lucky than rich."
"Good luck to all!"
"Welcome to our lunch party."
"Lead us to fortune."
"Live to cheer."

Handsome sets of such cards may be made from glossy magnolia or fern leaves. These may be pressed so as to retain their lustre a long time, or fresh ones may be used. Either above or below the midrib, but near the centre of the leaf, write the names of the guests, putting the gift on thickly so that they will look as if embossed, and somewhere near, a comical little Japanese sign or figure, or some design from a Brownie book in gilt.

PRETTY AND USEFUL CALENDARS

AMONG the many pretty and useful calendars which have fluttered out as heralds of 1894 none were daintier or more welcome as gifts than the wild flower and blue-print species.

For a wild flower calendar take twelve sheets of white or cream Bristol board about the size of ordinary note-paper. Somewhere near the centre of these glue the calendar blocks for the months, or draw them if you prefer. Pressed flowers characteristic of each month are then arranged upon the leaves in a careless, artistic way and fastened there by strips of gilt or silver paper glued across the stems. The flowers may be etched in India ink or done in sepia, if one prefers and is something of an artist. It is not difficult to find in the plant world something pretty and typical of each month. For January the bare, light twigs of some tree, as beech, maple or mulberry, with their rich, deep tints of brown, grey or purple, curious little knobs of hidden buds and bold, graceful outlines. Or the month might be represented by twigs of evergreen, such as balsam, fir or spruce.

February has a fuller flora, but pussy-willows or any light, fluffy, silvery willow catkins are best of all; if carefully dried and pressed. In March, hepatics are plentiful, and nothing could be lovelier. April has blood-root, arbutus, apple-blossoms; May, daisies, white clovers and a wealth of flowers; June, the wild, exquisite sweet brier roses; July, maidenhair ferns and scarlet hawberries; August, grasses and cardinal flowers; September, golden-rod and asters; October, gay autumn leaves; November, fringed gentians and pale yellow witch-hazel stars; December, holly and mistletoe.

Press and keep all these flowers carefully as the months go by until the time comes for making your calendar, when you can use them either for a blue-print or a wild flower one.

DAINTY LITTLE BOOKLETS

IF you have never seen a wild flower book you can have no idea how pretty and dainty they are, and what acceptable gifts they make for friends who love mementoes of places, are fond of flowers, or even those who are in any degree poetic and artistic. Any woman who has a summer outing at the seacoast or among the mountains, or who has only an occasional day's whiff of "green fields and pastures new," may collect flowers, grasses, ferns and mosses enough to give her friends charming surprises on birthdays or at Christmas.

"Wild Flowers of Colorado" was the first wild flower book, I believe. There are a number of volumes in the series now, and every woman who sees them is wild to collect her own favorite flowers into similar booklets. The flowers are arranged singly or in groups upon the right-hand pages, each one being laid upon the page in the way in which it grew, with Nature's own grace in lines and the curving of stems. The coloring of the petals remains wonderfully fresh and clear, and many of the pages are as handsome as fine water color paintings.

CLOVER, DANCY AND ANEMONE

IN three Colorado wild flower booklets are pressed mementoes of the flowers which Helen Thayer found on her way to the Arctic in 1893. The booklets are arranged in series: "Anemones and grasses," "Clover, daisy and anemone," "Daisy and anemone," "Anemones and grasses," "Spring of the Colorado River," "Wild flowers from English Meadows," or whatever the locality may be, done in rustic letters.

If you are traveling in country famous for beauty or history, flowers picked from along the way, the most beautiful and the most of your friends would find precious, if preserved in fairly booklet form. The booklets may be purchased at fairly low prices, or you may make them yourself by taking choice pressed flowers and grasses, and designing a pretty decorated cover, with a few wild flowers and grasses lightly sketched upon it, and the title, "Wild Flowers from English Meadows," or whatever the locality may be, done in rustic letters.

Fasten the flowers upon the pages with dry strips of gold or silver paper wet with mid-lake, placing them across the stems only—against other flowers or flowers. In one corner of the page write the botanical and common names of the flower, the place where it grew and the date on which it was gathered, as:

Lentopetalum apiculatum - Summit of Mount Thomas
Swiss alpine - July 20, 1893

A patriotic American booklet would contain specimens from famous battlefields, from Niagara, the Natural Bridge, Yosemite, arbutus from Plymouth Rock, etc.

BLUE-PRINT CALENDARS

THESE calendars are usually about the same size as that given for the wild flower calendar, and for them the same pressed flowers and arrangement of calendar blocks may be used. Not many people who receive these calendars as gifts could ever guess how they were made, although the work is really very simple. Pressed flowers are placed on the clear glass of a printing frame, such as is used by amateur photographers. The calendar is plainly marked on tissue paper and also placed on the glass, the arrangement being just that which is desired on the finished page. A ferns-prunella or blue-print paper is then placed over the arranged material and exposed to direct sunlight. The paper is next washed in clear water, and the pretty blue and white picture is finished. The paper for them may be obtained from any photographer, who will also do the printing if desired. The ground color of the calendar leaves will be rich blue, with the picture of the flower in white and the calendar month in pale blue. All the variety one wishes may be secured by placing the calendars in different positions upon the leaves, and by different arrangements of the flowers. The cut is trifling and the result charming. Either of these calendars may be made larger, of course. Where heavy sheets of Bristol-board, a foot or two feet square are used, the panels may be made very handsome and striking. For these all the flowers need not be pressed, and a greater variety may be secured. Bunches of wheat, rye, oats and grasses, tied with white ribbon and gilded in touches here and there are beautiful ornaments when used in this way, and so are sketchy acorn cups and saucers or fluffy milkweed pods, partly burst and showing their fluffy, silken, snow-white contents, especially if the tough stems and pods are gilded.

FROM ACROSS SEAS

OF course, a book containing flowers from all the famous lands—thistles from Scotland, shamrock from Ireland, lilacs from France and heather from English moors—will be greatly prized, but the contents for books both dear and beautiful may be gleaned entirely from home nooks. Some friend of yours is traveling in far-away lands for her health. Think what a pleasure it will be for her, as she sits in her invalid chair, to turn the leaves of a dainty volume fragrant with red wild flowers from home! Daisies and buttercups marked "from the south meadows," anemones and hepatics "from the north woods," violets and blood-root "from East River bank," sweet fern "from the upland pasture"—all the dear, familiar places through which she once scrambled with her playmates.

If you cannot have a whole season in which to collect material, improve the bits of time which chance to you. It is wonderful how many pretty things quick eyes and nimble fingers can accumulate in a short time. I heard of a young girl who collected a handsome book full of sweet wild things in one day, even on that bare, foggy island of Appledore, among the Isles of Shoals, and one of her pages I remember as far more beautiful, with its tiny sweet sprays of pansies, than any painting.

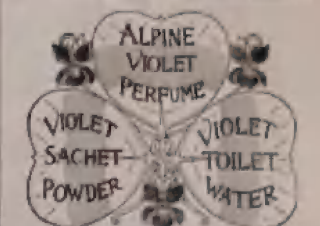
Choose for such booklets the delicate, thin-petalled flowers with grace of outline and beauty of form, rather than large ones of thick, waxy texture. Some of the latter are very beautiful, but it is difficult to press them nicely.

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FOR HANDY FINGERS TO MAKE

A Group of Artistic Suggestions by Some Clever Women

The all-around fashion of the modern woman has almost a matter of perfectly fitting her costume, and the designing of work, whether solid or intricate, is being brought to a point of considerable difficulty in the demand of that these articles should be novel.

The revival of the reticule, or outside pocket, is a case in point. Its usefulness has never been denied, nor its beauty questioned. Its greater convenience over the tiny triangles, which one dressmaker out of every hundred is willing to place in a gown, has never been doubted, and yet despite both its acknowledged use and beauty its recognition has depended upon the necessity for providing something new for feminine fingers to make, and elegant as may be seen from our illustration. Below are also given some designs for dainty table decoration.

OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A novel idea for such a purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is made up of plain and tasseled or figured goods. The back part of the pocket is of the patterned fabric, which is sewed over a firm lining. The upper portion is shaped in the manner indicated in the drawing, and passed through a strap at the waist similar to that to which chains are attached, being turned over and held in place with a tiny button. The pockets are made of the plain material and have an embroidered design worked upon them. The pocket illustrated is of gray, decorated with shades of yellow, brown and red. All the soft tones of the figured goods are employed in the embroidered parts. The design chosen is simple but very artistic. It is composed mainly of small round, berry-like forms, worked in satin-stitch and held together by flowing lines. The initials, which are solid and raised, are worked upon the largest pocket, which extends the whole depth, behind the smaller front pocket. The tiny pockets above the initials are intended to hold tickets or small change, while the others will take handkerchief, cardcase and pocketbook. These outside pockets will be found a great convenience in these days when it seems almost impossible to find a place in the dress skirt for one.

MRS. BARNES-BLECK.



OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A LUNCH-COVER OF WHEAT

SMALL flowers, in the form of wreaths and festoons, are very popular for embroidery on white linen, as they are so dainty in effect. The illustration below shows a floral design for a lunch-cover, which consists of a wreath of violets, forget-me-nots, daisies, etc., in the center, while semi-wreaths of the same flowers form the decoration for the corners, with tiny sprays of flowers scattered lightly between. Embroider the flowers in shades of violet, pink, yellow, shell pink, etc., after the Dresden manner, but care must be used in selecting shades of silk that will harmonize well. The leaves can be worked in varied shades of green. It would be pretty to have a set of dishes to match the lunch-cover, embroidered with the tiny sprays of different colored flowers.

A PAINTED MILK-PITCHER

A CHARMING decoration for a china milk-pitcher may be found in our illustration, which shows the milk-pitcher with the pods bursting open, distributing the little seed vessels over the surface of the china. The rough texture of the brownish-green



A Dainty Floral Lunch-Cover

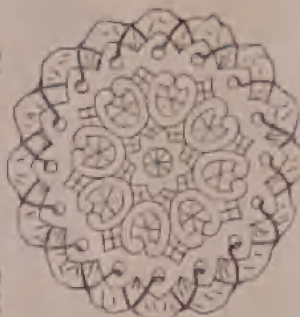
poets contrasts beautifully with the silver sheen of the down on the seed vessels, which in Nature look like spun silk. If painted directly on white china it will be shadows. If a background is desired a light blue, gradually fading into a brownish tone below, would be extremely effective. For this, deep blue green can be used, working in brown 17, or violet of iron for the brownish tint. A shade of violet, pink or one of a light gray green would also be pretty. The stalks and pods may be painted in varied shades of brown green, violet of iron, yellow brown and brown 17. The seed vessels are put in with a dark brown, say bitume or brown 17; the white down is first shaded with a delicate gray and touched up with white enamel, which will give a raised appearance, or the lines on the downy seed vessels may be touched up with gold if preferred.

In painting on china it is well to remember that the article to be painted must be in good condition and perfectly clean and dry. As a general rule when brushed and ready for firing, the work should be two shades darker than it is intended to be after firing. Successful china painting of any sort calls for a great deal of discretion; added to this comes conscientious care. With these, and of course, skill, good results are possible.

ANNA T. ROBERTS.

A SOFA-COVERING COVER

THIS efficient pattern for a sofa-covering cover is designed more particularly for summer use. It should be worked on even linen of the cloth made from so popular for artistic embroidery. The pattern is in deep open cut work. The cushion is first covered with soft colored silk. The puff around the edge is of the same, the back



A SOFA-COVERING COVER

being faced on to the foundation. The work is executed in Roman flow, one of two shades darker than the covering. The design is buttonholed in every part, then cut out and the fillings put in with medallion silk.

IMITATION OF ENAMEL

THIS new method of imitating the costly enamel painting is to be recommended because the decoration can be rapidly applied to so many articles of ornament and use, while the brushes and wax are easily obtainable and very inexpensive. Red and black should be used only in the best qualities of sealing wax. Put a bit the size of a hazelnut into an old pomade jar of anything of the sort, and cover with alcohol and let dissolve from twelve to twenty-four hours. It is the right degree of consistency if, when dropped upon glass, it no longer runs, but remains stationary.

For lines and dotted patterns, the finest water-color brushes must be used; figures require larger ones.

If the articles to be ornamented have narrow necks the principal shapes can be cut from paper, gummed upon the outside and then outlined with white wax. The smaller leaves, tendrils, etc., must be sketched with white wax, which can be easily washed off with the alcohol used to clean the brushes, should any mistake be made.

All bottles, whose pattern of dots is to be put on in bright colors, must be under-



DESIGN OF MILK-PITCHER FOR A MILK-PITCHER

pointed with white, on which surface, after it is dry, the most delicate patterns can be easily executed.

MARY J. SARGENT.

Llama Fleeced Stripes
Polka P. K. Fleece
English Fleece



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THE NEW ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

By Mrs. Garrett Webster



OF the most successful of entertainments, and one especially suited to mid-summer is the athletic carnival, a fair which may be given for any charitable or benevolent object, or in connection with the raising of funds for any special athletic project, either collegiate or non-collegiate. Its principal peculiarity is that the articles to be sold are entirely those which bear some real or artificial relation to athletics, the different booths or stalls in which the articles are exhibited for sale being known to the name of the sport to which it is devoted. On either a large or a small scale the affair is, because of its uniqueness, likely to be a success with the public, and feminine fingers which are tired of making aprons and crocheting jackets may turn to embroidering college flags, dressing dolls for football eleven, making sachets in the shape of football base and foot balls, and fashioning belts, neckties, bags and caps in college colors.

IF any woman who is the mistress of a large summer home, with extensive grounds will but take the trouble under her special care, and if the clerk of the day and night of the affair, two important essentials of success will be secured. The dining-room and porch should be reserved for the serving and sale of refreshments; the other articles being displayed in tents or marquees without sides, which should be erected upon the lawn. Large flags with the name of the booth thereon in large plain letters will add to the festivity of the scene and insure speedy recognition of location.

The carnival may be readily adapted to indoor and winter holding. In this case the ordinary arrangements for an indoor bazaar, with a few modifications, will be found available.

A FAVORITE booth will be that devoted to lawn tennis and its belongings. The booth and tables may be decorated with nets in which rackets, poles and forks and innumerable balls may be fastened with good effect. Nets, poles and forks or centre lines, mallets for punning them in place; gey ropes, runners and pegs; rackets, racket cases and rubber handle covers; sets of balls; lawn markers, tapes and pins; gloves, belts and caps; and a library of "guides," score books and books of rules, and the standard works on tennis should all have a place. Photographs of the various tennis champions also find a sale. Scarf and hat pins, studs and cuff buttons sell well if one can find them in the form of tennis implements and made from silver. Gold jewelry is apt to find but few purchasers.

A cricket booth is always a popular one and can be made very attractive if the girls in charge of it are especial devotees of the game. Bats, balls, spikes, leg guards, wickets and batting and wicket gloves, photographs of various foreign and all-America teams, and collections of photographs of the principal club houses in the country which are devoted to the sport, will find ready sale.

IF the carnival be delayed until September and should be held at a resort where the eleven of any large college have commenced training for the football field, the football booth will assume a prominence not to be denied. This sport, which seems to interest as many outsiders as students, grows yearly in the popular favor. The booth devoted to its belongings should be a large one. The colors of Princeton, orange and black, should wave triumphantly over her sisters' blue, crimson and red and blue, though the latter are each and all entitled to their share of representation. Toy tigers of large and small size will find ready purchasers and are very decorative. Red footballs tied with the different colored ribbons, imitation ones which are in reality dirty sofa cushions made of silks in the college colors and embroidered with college mottos, or seals, referees' whistles, umpire's canes, flags, both large and small, attached to poles and canes, copies of the annual football guides and of the standard American books on the subject tied with the various college colors, copies of "Tom Brown," football all-stars, month-pieces, name-marks, caps, wrist supports, and photographs of the different teams and of their most famous stars, each and all of these things will find ready sale, as will all sorts and kinds of toys made of materials in any college colors.

THE base ball corner of the fair should be an especially successful one. College colors are in vogue at various times, because of the place this sport has in intercollegiate athletics. There is no championship this year, so no one color should be most in evidence in decoration. Photographs of "thirty-four's" men of Princeton, Pennsylvania, Yale, Cornell and Harvard will probably find ready sale among the people interested in college ball. Flags and banners, large and small, neckties, silk mufflers, sachets made in imitation of a base ball or bat and covered with silk in college colors, ribbon-embroidered cases, base ball guides for 1924, standard works upon the subject of intercollegiate games, not to mention bats, bats, score books, pencils, score's tablets, hat cases, wrist supporters, gloves and mitts, toe plates, catcher's masks and body protectors, will find ready sale and give a unique appearance to the tables in the booth.

AN aquatic booth which shall show forth fishing, boating and swimming apparatuses would be popular at a seaside fair. Fishing lines, rods, reels, nets, baskets, flies, hooks, sinkers, floats and all the thousand and one trifles which the true angler considers as necessities of his art, will find ready sale. Yachting caps, toy imitation canoes and oars, corklocks and any and every thing which pertains to a "life on the ocean wave" should have their corner in the aquatic booth. Photographs of the champion college crews, and flags and busting of Harvard and Yale, Cornell and Pennsylvania will make the booth attractive both as decorations and articles of sale. This is one place where the college colors should flaunt gaily.

One corner of this booth might be devoted to the exhibition and sale of the photographs, if they could be secured, of the feminine crews of the boat and canoe clubs at Wellesley College and Lasell. The colors of these two colleges should blaze forth in the feminine portion of the aquatic booth.

A small booth should be devoted to golf, for although the game is as yet in its infancy in this country, many people are already interested in it and many more desire to be. The booth may be made gay with the golf flags, and among the articles to be sold should be balls, ball-cleavers, putters, drivers, corks, lifters, hole cutters, hole rims, tees, clubs, niblicks, cases and gloves. Score cases and golf manuals will also find purchasers.

FENCING and sparring should be the inscription over the booth where foils, sticks and blades, foil buttons, fencers' masks and both fencers' and boxers' gloves are arranged for sale.

Near to it may be a small booth devoted to the display and sale of polo mallets and balls and hockey sticks.

Lacrosse will be represented by goal flags, lacrosse sticks and balls and by photographs of international and collegiate champions, as well as by the various books which have been written upon the subject.

A miscellaneous booth should contain croquet sets, and individual mallets, dumbbells and Indian clubs, small lawn tennis, hammocks, cushions and caps and belts of all descriptions. Patch seats, hammock stretchers, lanterns, archery sets and other useful out-of-door articles will also find ready sale.

THE flower booth may be made especially attractive to college men by the decorations and *housetopics* being made from flowers in the colors of the different Alma Maters. Violets, forget-me-nots, heliotropes and cornflowers made into bouquets will appeal at once to all Yale's sympathizers. Crimson carnations, red chrysanthemums and red roses will charm fair Harvard's devotees. Bouquets of red roses and heliotropes and of red carnations and violets will sell readily to Pennsylvanians, while Princeton rejoices in the gorgeous orange and yellow chrysanthemums tied with black satin ribbons.

Lanterns should be ordered to represent the different colleges, and fading this should be sold in boxes tied with college ribbons or made from red-rose silks. *Requiem* shaped like base and foot balls, ornamented with tiny tennis and lacrosse rackets, or made to suggest one of the athletic implements, are especially appropriate.

Boxes may be covered with silks in the college colors, and bags which will serve a further purpose than their first use as holders of sweets may be fashioned from college flags and embroidered with the crests and seals.

A FRESH South sea is a great success, pictures being certainly one of the most popular of summer sports. Booklets of beach and water college editions, photo albumettes, postcards and two decennials with artificial flowers and ribbons in the creases, and, or printed in the colors, packages of paper napkins and wooden plates tied with the ribbons, hammocks, and hammock hooks and stretchers, picnic caps, knives, forks and spoons, bean bags, balls, packs of cards, gloves, ground seats, rubber pants, match-boxes, and anything else at a price should be sold here. The summer girl's outdoor costume will be appropriate for the vendors at this booth to wear.

At the base-ball, foot-ball, tennis, cricket, lacrosse and aquatic booths, arrangements may be made to have pools open at five cents a vote for the most popular and for the best player in the different sports. In the base-ball world, for example, votes might be taken upon the best batter, the best fielder, the best pitcher, the best catcher, the best all-America nine, and the most popular individual player, and favorite team in the country—restricting the choice of players to be voted for to actual amateur members of the university and college teams.

At the foot-ball booth votes might be polled for the best quarter-back, center, guard, half-back, and rusher, tackle, and guards for the favorite all-America eleven, for the most popular man and for the most popular eleven, restricting in all cases the candidates to amateur members of college and university teams. In tennis the candidates may be for the championship in ladies' singles and doubles, in gentlemen's singles and doubles, and for mixed doubles—in all cases to be amateur players. The aquatic booth may poll candidates for the championship in amateur swimming, for the favorite American yacht to be chosen as the cup defender, and for the favorite American college eight and four oared crews. Lacrosse and cricket will readily find their own candidates for votes. Of the same kind might be a small tent made entirely of college flags, in the interior of which a gypsy maid, arrayed in a gown of all known college colors, should tell to all who crossed her path with silver the fortune of their chosen college in its different branches of athletics during the coming year. Four lines of doggerel may be contributed by each of the aids, and in this way a goodly store of rhymed prophecies be started, and one which all friends of the carnival may be invited to enlarge.

THE dresses of the aids at the different booths should, as far as possible, suggest the articles to be sold. The tennis and boating costumes will at once present themselves, and base-ball, foot-ball, archery, and other sports will readily suggest something original in the way of costume to a girl of ordinary cleverness.

At the foot-ball booth a most effective group may be made by the aids being gowned to represent the different colleges in the championship league. An effective gown to be worn by the representative of the champion college may be made of orange net over black satin. The skirt should be of accordion-plaited net, on which should be appliqued oblong footballs of black and orange satin. The bodice should be a short, rounded one of black satin, with large sleeves of striped orange and black. A belt and matching bag of tiger skin, and a tassel cap in the shape once worn by the foot ball men in the days before long hair became fashionable, would complete the costume.

Both Yale's and Harvard's fair representatives may be most effectively costumed in gowns made of solid blue or crimson, in the same style as the Princeton costume already described. A most taking costume may represent Pennsylvania's Quaker gown and bonnet of plainer cut and fashion, but made in the college colors of red and blue. The skirt and bodice should be decorated with appliqued footballs of red and blue satin.

The base-ball dresses may be made of similar combinations and arrangements of color, but in a different fashion. The skirts should reach only to the ankle, where two base-ball shoes should be seen. A blouse, shirt waist, with belt of leather and a checked cap will complete the costume.

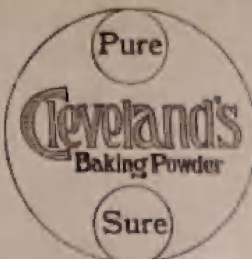
The aids at the aquatic booth will look well in full skirts of flouting flannel, with knitted jerseys, or, as they are more popularly known, "swimmers," made with deep sailor collar and cuffs of contrasting colors. With this costume yachting caps should be worn.

Other costumes will readily suggest themselves, and by their character and diversity will lend color to the carnival.

A word should be said here in disparagement of the frequent error in the wearing of college colors, where the colors are more than one in number. Worse luck can scarcely be brought upon a collegiate team than that for the supporters of either side to wear or carry their colors reversed. Pennsylvania is red and blue, not blue and red; Princeton, orange and black, not black and orange; Cornell, cardinal and white; Lehigh, brown and white.

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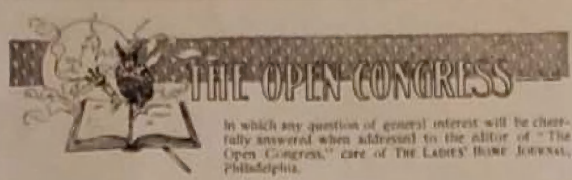
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TAYLOR-Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia in 1825, and died there in 1872.

ABRAHAM-An "Abraham" is a person who is devoted to the interests of others. Abraham is the opposite of egoism.

MARION-William Hamilton Gibson, the artist, is a student naturalist, as may readily be inferred from his work.

CARIE-Diamonds are not inflammable. (1) Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1844; her mother was a Jewess.

ALAN-The letter "M" on the Band silver dollar stands for the initial of Mr. Morgan, who designed and engraved the die.

R. M. C.-It is never well to attempt to be economical in the matter of invitations when sending them out for any large social affair.

ISABEL-Catons may be cleaned by washing them in and under white Castile soap, wiping them dry with a very soft piece of muslin.

MANITOWA-The Prince of Wales visited the United States in the autumn of 1893. (1) James Buchanan was called "the Bachelor President."

BURTON-The new Premier of England, Lord Rosebery, is a scholar. His wife, who was a Miss Hannah Rothschild, died several years ago.

JESSE T.-John McClure Hamilton's picture of "Mr. Gladstone at Downing Street" is in the possession of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

MARIA-All school and church property are exempt from taxation in Alabama. (2) Robert Browning was never at any time Post Laureate of England.

LANGHORNE-The globe with a long, loose top is called the "monocle," from its resemblance to the globe worn by the monks, a military organization.

C. K. M.-We cannot give any advice as to the investment of money, nor can we express any opinion as to the reliability of any financial company, in this column.

ARLENE-Town-Mr. Samuel Clemens ("Mark Twain") has three daughters, but no sons. His home, when he is in this country, is at Hartford, Connecticut.

F. T.-The widow and children of the late General Sherman reside in Washington, D. C. There are twin daughters and one son, who is familiarly known as "Young Phil."

HELMUTH-You should not dismiss your carriage when you are attending an afternoon reception. The length of your call upon such an occasion should not exceed ten minutes.

LEW W.-The word "Frasier" is synonymous with the English word "fools." In Germany the word is ordinarily used without the surname attached, as in the habit with us.

FAIRFAX-The name Dorothy means "gift of heaven." (2) The established Church of Scotland is the Presbyterian. (3) The island of Cuba is called "The Queen of the Antilles."

POTTER-The best way to become a rapid stenographer is to practice constantly and regularly, being careful that in learning to write rapidly your character for accuracy is not sacrificed.

C. F. H.-The Miss Ida Van Tien whom you mention died in Paris, France, on March 4, 1894. She had not been Secretary of the New York Workmen's Society since 1891.

C. E. C. T.-Sixty years ago Chicago was incorporated as a township; three years later it became a city with a population of 475 persons. In June, 1892, it had a population of 1,425,000.

GEORGE-The initials A. U. A. stand for the American Unitarian Association. (2) All compound words ending with the word "like" should be written as one word, unless derived from a proper name.

MAIR E.-R was Max O'Rell who said, "The French woman gains her liberty, the English woman loses hers and the American woman continues to do as she pleases," as a result of the wedding ceremony.

R. J. W.-The inscription on the engagement ring usually consists of the initials of the engaged couple and the date of the engagement. The date of the wedding is usually engraved upon the wedding ring.

LAMARIE-The "Single Tax" doctrine, as propounded by Henry George, makes only land taxable, and provides that the tax shall be so heavy that no one person will be able to own more land than his needs.

ARLENE-On June 16, 1890, John Sherman, at that time Secretary of the Treasury, gave the following statement: "The amount expended on armament of the War of the Rebellion is stated to be \$9,871,135,530."

EDMUND-Thomas A. Edison has been twice married, and has several children. A sketch of the youngest Mrs. Edison was given in the JOURNAL of January, 1897; a copy of which will be sent you for any cent.

QUEEN-General Robert E. Lee is buried at Lexington, Virginia. In Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States on April 4, 1869, in New York City. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston.

MATHEW-Diamonds are found in the United States at the base of the Southern Appalachians from Virginia to Georgia, and also at the base of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges in California and Oregon, also in Wisconsin.

WESTFIELD-The highest military rank in the United States at the present time is that of Major General. The title of General, which was given to Grant, and afterward to Sheridan, has not been conferred since Sheridan's death.



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